

FOR men

DECEMBER
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Only!



GILBERT SELDES • WILL CUPPY • BOB CONSIDINE • CARLTON BROWN
LYON MEARSON • LEONARD HALL • GEORGES SURDEZ • WILLIAM STEIG



JAMES TREMEATH

*"Make up your mind, Dearie. Do I get a new fur coat
or do I picket your home?"*

FOR MEN



Vol. I, No. 9
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Fred J. Feldkamp
Editor

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Cauliflower CROESUS

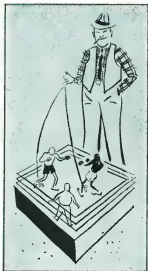
*Uncle Mike Jacobs . . .
pugilism's puppet-master*

JIM COFFROTH, the first great boxing promoter, spent most of his early years working as a court stenographer in San Francisco. Tex Rickard, who succeeded him and went on to help make the Fabulous Twenties fabulous, was a saloon keeper and faro-dealer in a series of sour belly mining camps. But it would be difficult to decide just what was the background of Michael Strauss Jacobs.

If you were to ask him what job he held in his youth (with a view to piecing together his progress towards his promotorial czar-dom) he would clack his store teeth reminiscently and inquire, "Which year?" He was everything from a caterwauling

newsboy around the tough West Side docks to the "angel" of the Metropolitan Opera. He was a huckster, a realtor, an inventor, a caterer, a bankrupt, a scalper, manager of Enrico Caruso, a starvling, and the creator of a rare sauce.

Now at 50, with an active and often hectic life behind him, he holds over boxing the most complete control one man ever had on a sport. Compared to his grip on prize fighting, Judge Landis is little more than a bat boy in organized baseball, and Will H. Hays an usher in the movie industry. Compared to Mike, without whose nod no promoter in the land can hold a first class fight show, Coffroth and Rick-



By BOB CONSIDINE

ard were small town operators.

Under foolproof contract, prepared by his deft, and deaf, cousin—Sol Strauss, Mike has all rights to Joe Louis, Max Schmeling, Tommy Farr, Jimmy Braddock, Max Baer, Marcel Thil, Barney Ross, Lew Ambers, Pedro Montanez, Fred Apostoli, Sixto Escobar, Henry Armstrong, Buddy Baer, Petey Sarron, and many others. Whoever would meet Mike's champions or challengers must first sign to fight only for Mike, in the event they win. His longest contract is with his soundest investment, Louis. The Bomber is signed until 1942.

His monopoly extends to more mundane things. Only in ratty Ebbets Field, in Brooklyn, long a graveyard of fight promoters, can any rival substantially buck him in the profitable New York area. Jacobs holds long leases on the Yankee Stadium, Polo Grounds, Madison Square Bowl, Madison Square Garden and the Hippodrome. They cost him \$500,000 a year in rent and the upkeep of his staff. But they are not the only stages on which he can present his knuckle dramas. He has an understanding with the operators of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, Chicago's Soldiers Field and Comiskey Park, Detroit's Navin Field, and with Tom Gallery, who runs things on the Pacific Coast. This winter he will stage a show in Miami.

Up from the squalor and smells of New York's West Side

dock district, Mike Jacobs is a couple times a millionaire. He, who often went hungry as a child, when there wasn't enough around the house to feed his 12 brothers and sisters, was a millionaire long before he took his first step toward Boxing's No. 1 spot. That was back in December, 1933. The show was the Barney Ross-Billy Petrolle thing, and Mike lost \$1,600 on it.

He has more or less made up for that. He promoted three fights between Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, which grossed \$189,000, \$140,000 and \$139,000; a Ross-Frankie Klick thing that did \$90,000, and then that amazing string with Joe Louis: the Louis-Carnera, \$326,000; Louis-Levinsky, \$196,000; Louis-Baer, \$1,000,800; Louis-Paulino, \$130,000; Louis-Retzlaff, \$47,000; Louis-Schmeling, \$599,000; Louis-Sharkey, \$180,000; Louis-Ettore, \$215,000; Louis-Brescia, \$20,000; Louis-Simms, \$49,000; Louis-Pastor, \$111,000; Louis-Natie Brown, \$26,000; Louis-Braddock, \$700,000 and Louis-Farr, \$250,000. An All Star show, featuring Ross, Thil, Ambers and Escobar, grossed another quarter of a million, and what with the \$100,000 taken in at the smaller shows at the Hippodrome, and recently at the Garden, it all comes to about five million dollars.

Early in 1935, Carnera had been relieved of his title the previous June, by Baer, but was still drooping about New York

talking of a return match. Braddock was coming along very slowly, as a challenger, so the Garden decided to pep things up and import Schmeling. Louis Soresi knew this was an attempt to sidetrack the ponderous Primo, and Soresi flew off into a fine Neapolitan rage. He clumped out of the Garden, walked around the corner to Mike's place, and signed up Carnera to a Jacobs contract. It was purely a spite gesture, but Mike seized it. He promptly matched Da Pream with the newly found Louis—and the Ambling Alp became the first bit of Louis' more celebrated meat chopping.

Jacobs was in pretty deep now, and the juices of his mischievous gambling spirit were flowing full tilt. He scheduled the Louis-Carnera fight on one side of the Garden's championship match between Baer and Braddock, and put one of those torrid Ross-McLarnin things on the other side. The well-sandwiched title fight drew only \$205,000, where Mike's two shows grossed \$466,000. He and the Garden were fighting for keeps now.

With Louis on his side, nothing could stop Michael now. Even when Max Schmeling, held to be fit only for the fistic glue works, knocked "the greatest fighter of all time" for an ungainly loop, Mike prospered. It gave him the rights to Schmeling, under that you-gotta-work-for-me-if-you-win contract. And

it gave Mike an opportunity to match Louis with a long series of "comeback" bums, and half a million dollars worth of otherwise nonexistent purses were dug up.

One cloud hovered over him now. The Garden still had the heavyweight championship; had had it by contract since Tunney's day and before that during Dempsey's long reign, thanks to Dempsey's close friendship



with Rickard. It looked like an impregnable set-up, but Michael cracked it. Not only that—he cracked it just the way he wanted to crack it. He wanted more than the title. He wanted Louis to win it first, instead of Schmeling, even though he owned the promotional rights to both challengers.



GERALD GREEN

"Mickey Finn, hell! they've had four and they love 'em!"

So when Braddock was about to fight Schmeling for the crown in September, in accordance with their solemn Garden contract, Jersey Jim suddenly developed a strange hurt in his jabbing hand. He had never had it before, nor has he had it since. The fight was called off until June 3, 1937, but a couple months before that it was suddenly found that the anti-Nazi societies were going to clamp a boycott on it, because of Schmeling's alliance with Hitler. Jacobs even though he stood to lose money with his man Schmeling, was oddly unperturbed by all this boycott talk. He made several flying visits to Chicago, whose boxing commission is outside the pale of the vigorously honest New York State Athletic Commission, and lo and behold one fine Sunday morning Joe Gould, Braddock's manager (who by this time had borrowed \$15,000 from Mike), announced that Braddock would fight not Schmeling in New York, but Louis in Chicago—for a hitherto unknown promoter named Joe Foley.

Louis won readily enough, although don't get the impression that Braddock did anything but fight with all his might. The Bomber was immediately accepted as the champion, even though the Chicago fight was not always called "for the title." And Mike had broken the unbreakable Garden dynasty.

But still he had to proceed

with caution. Spiritually, the Bomber had never gotten over the beating Schmeling gave him and perhaps never will, for the last time we saw them come face to face the Negro couldn't look at the only man who ever flattened him. Mike was shrewd enough to sense that if he threw Louis right back in there with Schmeling, Max might win, take the title back to Germany, and retire with it—thus hurting business in the heavyweight division just as the contemptuous retirement of Gene Tunney made people sneer at Sharkey and the champions of that general era, and call them bums. Which they probably were.

So he decided to give Schmeling the works again, knowing full well that Schmeling would do the same to him if given the opportunity. Jacobs announced from Chicago that Louis would make his first defense of the title against Tommy Farr, whose only claim to fame at that time was that he had outpointed Max Baer, mostly by means of a butt. Schmeling, hearing these ill tidings in Germany, flew to London and signed to meet Farr—in a desperate effort to break up the Louis-Farr match. So Mike bought an ear trumpet for Sol Strauss, shipped him to London, and presently Sol, who has very good eyes, cabled back that he had discovered a nice fat flaw in the Schmeling-Farr contract. Sol skipped out of England with the Welshman and soon enough



they showed up in America.

And so the merry business rolls on, with Mike the unquestioned boss and the rest of the boxing world in a position where they must see him before proceeding. He is firmly entrenched at the top, but his old restless gambling spirit still gurgles, and it is an infinitely more nearly pure gambling trait than was Rickard's—for Tex gambled mostly with Mike's money. Mike uses his own. It cost him \$190,-

000 in guarantees to put on his Carnival of Champions last September, but he likes the idea so much that he's going to do it annually, calling the shows the 1938 Carnival of Champions, 1939 Carnival of Champions, and so on. Like the Follies.

This well-fed, semi-bald man of 50, who lights one cigaret after another and likes to sit around and gab with the boys for hours, is a symbol of what can be accomplished in this country of ours if one is armed with nothing more than a shrewd mind and an invulnerable gall.

One of 13 children of a poor Jewish travel-agency clerk, who had the hardiness to rear his family in the midst of the West Side's rowdiest Irish district, Mike got as far as the fourth grade in school. He went on the corner, selling papers, as soon as he could read. By the time he was 15 he was a huckster, and when he was 18 he invented that hall-mark of the Gay Nineties—a thin black ribbon that went from your hat to your collar, to keep your benny from blowing away.

At 21 he was rich, as the standards of the dock regions go. He had gone into the excursion boat concession business and was operating all the concessions on the ill-starred General Slocum. He lost every penny he had, in that horrible maritime tragedy, but he didn't mind that too much. His brother, who was

working for him that fatal day, was one of the 1,021 howling humans who were roasted to death when the vessel burned to the water.

He began scalping theatre tickets about 1908, and by the time Tex Rickard came to New York in 1916, with an idea of putting on a fight between Jess Willard and Frank Moran, Mike was about tops in his business, which is the eccentric one of selling choice seats for more than they are worth. Rickard called him in and they formed an alliance that lasted until Tex's death, 15 years later. Together they invented the "sliding scale" system, which in brief is the art of selling ringside seats as long as there are ringside customers, even if some of the last guys in the ringside line wind up in Yonkers for a Polo Grounds fight. Mike's money built Boyle's Thirty Acres, where Dempsey and Carpentier drew the first million-dollar gate. At Mike's behest Tex took the first Dempsey-Tunney fight to Philadelphia, where Michael made himself \$100,000 by catering to the human peacocks who all wanted to sit in the front row. On the day before the fight a rich bootlegger, hard-hit by his political sponsors, pressed a little bonus of 25 brand new \$1,000 bills in Mike's paw, and then insisted on paying the usual scalper's prices for the seats Mike managed to get for him! Mike and Tex staged the fantastic

Tunney-Dempsey fight at Chicago, which drew \$2,600,000, but they didn't see it. When the men got in the ring their job was done, so the two of them slipped out to a nickel hamburger joint and missed the match the world is still talking about.

They were riotous, spend-thrift days. Mike put up the first money for the new Garden, bought a lot of stock in it and made enough on the stock, in a couple of days, to retire for life. He happened to meet a reporter one day who was on the way to his paper to write a piece that Rickard was going to quit the Garden. Mike asked him to hold up the story for a few minutes, and in that time he sold all his stock at the top of the market. The story broke the next day and Garden stock went down almost to zero. Mike called up Tex and asked him if he really was going to quit. "Hell no," said Tex. So Mike bought back all his stock at dirt cheap prices.

But fighting has been only a part of the life of Mike Jacobs. He imported Emuiline Pankhurst, the Sullraget. He bought out a season's worth of tickets to keep the Metropolitan Opera alive one year, and made about \$50,000 on the deal. He paid Caruso the highest price an artist ever reached, giving him \$10,000 a night for a 10-night tour—and made \$40,000 over and above his expenses. He made a mint out of the War. Some politician tipped him off that the

Government was building a huge Army camp near a certain city in New York. Mike rushed to the area, deserted at the time, installed a bus line to the city, erected a restaurant, a barber shop, a tailor's shop and a bakery. Mrs. Jacobs, still a lovely and striking woman, operated the bakery. She is an Irish Catholic. They've been married 20 years, are childless, and she is the boss of their Red Bank, N. J. home—where they have every known knick-knack except Venus de Milo with a clock in her stomach.

Mike owns acres of land and dozens of homes in Red Bank. Seems he went out there to see Joe Humphries one day, liked the town, so he practically bought it.

He wears steel-rimmed glasses and keeps a picture of his mother on his desk at the Hippodrome. He drinks gallons of coffee and is the creator of a sauce for clams whose recipe he'd protect with his life. He has given more than a quarter million dollars to charity, since getting into boxing as a promoter, yet he has a set of store teeth that clack a pop like a mail-order pair. He buys \$12 monogrammed shirts, but wears \$1 polo shirts around the office. He doesn't drink, but always has a

supply of bonded stuff on hand for reporters. He knows at least 25,000 New Yorkers by their first or last names, including Al Smith, who used to sing tenor in a street quartet that moo'd on Mike's old street.

He drives his fleet of Cadillacs with a detached jerkiness, has a masseuse, and a monkey named Jack Miley. About the biggest thrill he ever got was the time, as a kid, he looked under the swinging doors of a saloon and saw John L. Sullivan—stiff as a goat. He is utterly without ostentation, and when he is pleased he cannot help giving off a tremendous grin, as if someone were tickling his feet with a leather. He is friendly, but will snarl at anyone who button-holes him at a fight and asks him "How much is in the house?"—even though he can look up at the stands with one sharp glance and tell. He is patient with his journalistic hecklers, and apparently doesn't read the accolades written about him. The only clipping he ever saved was one which appeared in the *Chicago News* the day after the Louis-Braddock fight.

It said, "Come back again, Mr. Jacobs."

Which would seem to be a fitting tag-line for his career.

The 99 $\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURITANS



*Boozin' and bundlin'
kept the Pilgrims warm*

TWO COLLEGE MEN, an undergraduate and a tutor, were off on a bender, rolling around from inn to inn and pausing between stops to fortify themselves with flagons of milk punch which they had brought along to relieve their thirst en route.

Outside the town's leading gin mill, in full view of an assemblage of sober burghers, the tutor fell on his head with such force that he nearly broke his neck. His younger companion

rushed into the tavern and ordered up three bowls of brandy-and-lemon, with which he revived the stricken toper. Bystanders observed that the brandy had a salutary effect, rendering the man who drank it pleasant and sociable albeit a bit drunk, dirty, and bloody.

Had it occurred during the 1937 football season this incident would have had no point to make it worth recounting. But the time was the Seventeenth Century, the place the crown colony of Massachusetts, and the tutor a Puritan elder aged seventy-eight.

The conduct of this worthy teacher, while a trifle spectacular

perhaps, was not at variance with the standards of the time, although the accepted usage among the elders was to do their drinking and falling down indoors where there was less likelihood of soiling their clothes.

In the closing decades of that lusty, gusty century an abstemious member of the Puritan clergy jotted down in his notebook that forty-four lay and clerical officers of the church in Massachusetts were on the verge of delirium tremens or actually in its clutches. Four other church leaders, the real pace-makers, were in such an advanced state of the screaming meemies that they had to be put to bed by a posse at all such public gatherings as ordinations and ground-breakings.

The Puritan Church, far from attempting any effective discouraging of toping as a sport, caused poll taxes to be levied against all classes to buy such necessities as bread, meat, beer, ale, applejack, whiskey, brandy, rum, and cider for community consumption on such occasions as the opening of a new church.

Applejack at eighty cents a barrel was so plentiful and powerful in Plymouth and the Bay Colony that Bright's disease was a luxury everybody could afford. Kidney and bladder ailments were the commonest springboards to eternity and a man who was strong enough to do a day's work and a night's drinking could count on joining

his loved ones in the family burial plot at the age of thirty-eight.

Thursday night, like payday in the coal mines, was the high spot of the week, for church-going folk. The community was the church, with judicial and legislative powers as well as spiritual and spirituous obligations.

Thursday was the night of the church lecture, which provided a pretext for bands of roisterers to go roaring around the countryside drinking and reveling in the taverns. As often as not they became fuddled and lost on dark, crooked unfamiliar paths and slept out in the fields. A Plymouth moralist suggested that Thursday night was a worse evil than Satan and that the institution known as the church lecture was a hazard to chastity and an invitation to debauch.

Farm laborers received a basic issue of a gallon of rum per month. This was just a self-starter, or eye-opener, for consumption in the fields to relieve muscular kinks sustained in falls and fights the night before. During the day field workers would taper off with cider or diluted applejack. An hour after sundown, except on Sundays and church holidays, the serious, or carcer, drinking would set in, either in the town tavern or the store, which, like the tavern, carried a full stock of grog for sale by the drink, crock or barrel.

Corn-husking bees under the

semi-official auspices of the church provided an excuse for co-educational sprees. These affairs customarily got off to a slow start but as soon as a quorum was present the rum went into circulation. Under this familiar stimulus the volunteers worked like Hottentots and accomplished a half-day's work in a trice. At 10 in the evening a tremendous meal was served, after which, in the words of a pastor's journal, "they went to their several pastimes."

Punishable offenses against morals and good order in the New England colonies were grouped in two categories: the kind everybody enjoyed committing and the kind only a few had the brains, cunning, initiative or vileness to commit.

Drinking was a mass sport; hence it was condoned, even fostered. Gambling with cards and dice was officially frowned

upon at first, but a single ship brought 1,564 packs of playing cards from England. Gambling thereafter was popular and accordingly tolerated.

Mistreating the Indians was a crime with two aspects. If a trader enriched himself by providing the neighboring Pequots with guns and firewater in return for furs and fish, he was automatically branded anti-social. A not unusual penalty was to cut off the culprit's ears, sell his land and property and turn the proceeds into the common funds, burn his house and ship him back to England with a trifling ration of food so that he had an excellent chance of starving to death at sea. Good scriptural precedent was quoted for the house-burning: "*The habitation of the wicked should no more appear in Israel.*"

Such treatment was supposed to inculcate Christian principles in those who had occasion to deal individually with the Indian brethren. But when it came to collective dealing with the tribes the Puritans did not proceed on such an exalted plane. A slight pretext, or even such a circumstance as restlessness or discontent among the professional soldiers and hard guys employed by the colonies, was sufficient to start a holy war of extermination against the Pequots.





TED KEY

"We're so proud of him. He got two years off for good behaviour"

The colonies' professional soldiers were a hard-bitten band of mercenaries. The Pequots had been armed in shady transactions with rusty blunderbusses, but skirmishes between them and the protectors of the Puritans were as one-sided as a life-and-death struggle between the Fourth Marines and the Ladies' Aid.

The worst moral offense a Puritan could commit was to tell a lie. Lying was also the hardest rap to beat because everybody knew everybody else's business.

The use of tobacco in public was regarded as unclean, somewhat in the light of smoking opium at the dinner table. Tobacco was not prohibited, since a majority of Puritans smoked on occasion, but the law was strict about flaunting the vice in the open. The definitive ordinance, which lasted two generations, forbade pipe-smoking in the company of more than one witness, and that one might not be a stranger.

Personal cleanliness was something the Puritans knew about only by hearsay. Dr. Cotton Mather gave the revolutionary advice to his flock to wash the head daily, not on hygienic grounds but as a tooth-ache preventative. Most Puritans bathed oftener than once a year and washed or replaced their linen once a month. Plymouth and the Bay Colony were notable for the rich, gamy odor by which travelers approaching downwind

could identify them miles away.

Marriage and the conjugal relation were utilitarian considerations closely connected with the problem of keeping warm in the long cold winters. Snow time, as any farmer can testify, ain't no time to sit outside and spoon, and the purely mechanical problems of courtship in a freezing, over-populated hovel were matters that took conniving to solve.

Fortunately all the emigrants were acquainted with the practice, known as tarrying or bundling, and they lost little time in transplanting it to the flinty soil of New England.

In the English version of tarrying the swain entered the home of the object of his affections, greeted the members of the family and then repaired with the maiden of his choice to her bedroom. There the two proceeded to make themselves comfortable under the bedclothes and explore various topics until it was time for the suitor to get up and go to work.

The Dutch variation was a trifle more romantic. The youth was expected to invade the maiden's bed by stealth, gaining access to her room either through a dormer window carefully left unlocked or through a special "sneak" door cut into the room on the ground level. The girl's family knew what was going on all the time, but it was not sportsmanlike to interfere with the processes of love unless the skulking visitor proved himself

a yokel by falling out the window, tripping over the furniture in the dark or, during the late stages of the game, betraying his presence with deep and penetrating baritone snores.

The Massachusetts colonists had neither the time nor the patience for this European folderol. Settlers with marriageable daughters permitted eligible young men to spend the night with them, no holds barred and no hard feelings if the principals of the match didn't hit it off.

If they pleased each other a marriage was arranged and performed by the civil authorities; If, after a scance with a suitor who found something lacking in her technique, a girl discovered herself to be in an interesting condition, the boy was faced with the classic alternative—marry the girl or argue it out with a stern father and six brothers armed with blunderbusses.

Adultery was a specialty the practice of which, with impunity, was reserved for heroes and orators. A farmer could not go about invading the marital precincts of his neighbors without danger of losing the privilege of remaining in the colony.

A soldier or sailor, however, had an excellent chance of getting off scot-free. The captain of soldiery who accompanied Governor Winthrop from England to Massachusetts was



an expert at getting into jams with the wives of settlers.

But, hauled before the church conclave, he pleaded guilty in detail and with such picturesquely remorseful itemization of the carnal sins he had committed that it was invariably the verdict of the good folk that it would be a great loss to the community to be deprived of such a talented and honest fellow.

All told our Puritan forebears were a rather decent lot. They worked like horses, often twenty hours a day in the fields in summer. In winter there wasn't much to do but putter around and keep warm, which they did with the handiest materials—hot spirits and flaming youth. The sins they tolerated were the ones the community enjoyed most, and they must have been good, serviceable, standard sins or they wouldn't look so attractive still after these three hundred years.



FEATHERED FURY

*In gamecocks, as in
men, breeding counts*

By WILLIAM L. PARKER

As it has, perhaps, to no other man, sudden death came last April to Porfirio Canales, 35, a respected citizen of La Caridad, Honduras.

With the rest of the village sporting bloods, Porfirio was watching a cock fight. He had edged his way into the first row of sweating natives fringing the ring, and was happily encouraging the bird he fancied, when suddenly, unexpectedly, the grim old gentleman with the well-known scythe put the finger on him.

One of the tough little roosters, half-blinded by blood streaming from a cut on its head, power-dived its opponent,

misjudged the distance, and plummeted smack against Porfirio's chest.

One of the cock's flailing, razor-sharp steel spurs plunged deep into Porfirio's side. Straight through his heart it went. When they lifted Porfirio up, he was dead.

Next morning the villagers of La Caridad gathered solemnly for the formal trial of a fighting cock charged with murder. Gravely the judge heard the testimony, pronounced the cock guilty.

Quickly a cord was looped around the cock's scarred neck. In a few moments its lifeless body was dangling in the wind

like a wet washrag. That was that.

The natives nodded to one another and shuffled away. Poor Porfirio. It was just that his murderer had paid the penalty. Perhaps the fighting cocks would be more careful in future.

Which probably proves something—either that the unfortunate Porfirio's dramatic exit from this unhappy life was just quit-tance for his endorsement of such a shameful sport; or that the game cock's aristocratic heritage warranted its being granted human rights of trial.

When, painfully, word by word, he deciphered the newspaper dispatch announcing the sad fate of Porfirio Canales, old Tom Finnegan was inclined to take the latter viewpoint.

Tom is a weather-beaten little guy of sixty-three. He looks like one of those dour, ageless gnomes who lug your golf clubs at St. Andrews, and spit with silent disgust when you use a Number Seven iron instead of the Number Eight he had silently offered you.

Technically, old Tom has charge of the poultry on a well-known Long Island estate. But actually Tom's sole concern in life is breeding and conditioning the fifty-odd brilliant-plumed little fighting chickens his millionaire boss quietly, and extravagantly maintains on the place.

Old Tom (whose real name isn't Finnegan) comes from a famous family of fighting-cock

men. He got in the game when he was fifteen. He knows about as much as there is to know about gaming cocks. And, like the patrician gentlewoman from Boston's Back Bay, he has whole-hearted veneration for fine breeding.

As long ago as 1709 one Robert Howlett emphasized the importance of clean breeding in a singularly interesting tome called "The Royal Pastime of Cock-fighting."

When you have picked a suitable cock and "not over two hens at one time," advised brother Howlett, "see that you place them at a private Walk, where they go undisturbed and free from the molestations of other Poultry: for if a neighboring Cock do but happen to come within the confine of your Walk, he may do you a double diskindness; first, by putting upon you a spurious breed, a hatch of ill-natur'd Bastards of his own getting; secondly, by Bathering of your Cock, so as to render him unfit for breed, and make his chickens worth nothing."

Old Tom Finnegan chortled quietly when he heard that.

"Right it is," he said. "Bastards—they're no good for fighting. Ye've got to have the blood."

The strains from which the game cocks in his charge were bred have been kept jealously intact for centuries. Absolute purity is necessary. A bird with the slightest trace of barn-door blood will show it in a fight. At the

first gash from a steel spur he'll high-tail away from the pit like mad.

Like his father and grandfather before him, Tom specializes in Whitehackles. Other modern breeders have given their own strains some pretty fancy names. Monickers like Crazy Snakes, Frymire Smoke Balls, Kansas Sluggers, Oklahoma Shufflers, Roughhouse Blues, Mortgage Lifters, Strychnine Greys. Tom doesn't know much about them. But he doesn't think much of them.

In breeding his Whitehackles, Tom is as careful about quantity as he is about quality. He knows, as the observant Mr. Howlett did, that "a Cock is a most salacious Creature, naturally Hot, and extremely lustful, and when prompted thereto by variety of

Mates, he is apt to over-tread himself amongst his flesh Mistresses." Tom doesn't believe in mass production.

When Tom gets a new batch of chicks he weeds out the scrawny ones and the precocious brats that mature too early. He keeps his eye on the scrappy devils that are always picking fights with their pals in the yard.

From the time a young bird shows he is full of hell and a likely candidate for the pits (as a stag at one year, a cock at two years old), until the moment he rides to chicken heaven on the winnowing spurs of some more talented bird, he is segregated from all others of his sex.

He'll fight another cock on sight. Put him in front of a mirror and he'll try to smash his own image to gory ribbons.

"One bird o' mine got away once," says Tom. "Flew over the cage. Walked half a mile, mind ye, to fight another cock he heard crowin' him a challenge."

That's one argument the fancy offers against widespread condemnation of the sport as cruel. They say a game cock will fight to the death, regardless, and putting steel "heels" on him is really doing him a favor. If a battle takes place with natural spurs, it will not only last for hours — occasionally for days — but the winning bird will usually be so battered he'll die, too. By using steel spurs, a fight is over in ten minutes or less, and the winner will live to fight





JAMES TRENBATH

"S'matter, somebody lose a bet?"

other and better opponents.

The big moments in Tom Flanagan's life come four or five times a year, when the boss tells him he has "fixed up a little main." A "main," as you probably know, is a series of odd-numbered (7, 9, or 11) matches between birds of equal weight.

For six weeks Tom gets the pick of his stable in condition with a routine much tougher than any prizefighter's training schedule. He strengthens his birds' muscles by running them on a treadmill, makes them work for a living by scratching down through layers of straw to get at their feed.

He tosses them up in the air over a padded "tossing table" to toughen their wings, rubs them down and shampoos their heads.

For training diet, he feeds them the choicest grains and greens. Now and then he gives them a bit of chopped meat.

Not so very long before Tom's day, Irish and English trainers believed in a diet of specially prepared bread. First they whipped up a dough of flour and stale beer. Then they dumped in a liquid concocted from the sour juices of plants, to which were added wine, whiskey, gin, or other spirits.

In sampling this before they poured it into the dough, they discovered it was a bit of all right. They named it cock bread ale, or cock ale (then spelled "ail"). Later on, somebody added the "t," and there you have



the origin of the modern cocktail*.

Boxing borrowed the term "pink of condition," and many others, from cock fighting. When Tom's birds are "in the pink," the flesh on their posteriors glows with that ruddy tint of health.

In "fighting trim" a game cock or stag "weighs in" at anywhere from 4 pounds 6 ounces to 7 pounds. Heavyweights never fight welters. There's a give and take allowance of two ounces.

Tom's birds fight with needle-pointed steel gaffs an inch and a

* Of the 20 or more "true" versions, probably the most authentic credits the invention of the cocktail to Betsy Flanagan, who operated a tavern near Yonkers, N. Y., during the Revolution.

One day American officers lifted several male pheasants from a British commissary, and brought them to Betsy to roast. She decorated bottles in the tavern with tail feathers of the roasted fowl.

During the party, one of the guests asked for a "glass of the cocktails." Betsy obliged with one of her celebrated mixtures, stirring it with the tail of a cock pheasant.

A French officer present toasted the drink with, "Vive le cocktail!"

quarter long, attached to the sawed-off stubs of their natural spurs. In Mexico and elsewhere, they sometimes use "slashers," sharpened to razor keenness on one side. Occasionally an unscrupulous trainer sharpens his bird's slashers on both sides. And, likely as not, has the discomfort of seeing his feathered friend slash his own throat wide open during the fight.

They go in for trick stuff, too. Now and then a bird will stop in the heat of battle to peck at a phantom bit of corn, meanwhile eyeing his opponent for an opening. Many cocks are specialists at feinting.

On the average, cock fights end in death 50 percent of the time, the main reason why they're outlawed under heavy penalty in this and most other civilized countries. Down in Kentucky, farm lads always show up for a main with gunny sacks to carry away the victims. Fighting cocks make fair eating, they claim, if you boil them long enough.

A good bird never knows when he's licked. Even when blinded, he will try to sink his curved beak into the other bird's body to get purchase for a last, defiant kick with his spurs.

Occasionally a cock will "show the white feather"—which means, literally, a bristling neck feather edged with white and indicating a desire to call the whole thing off. If he does, he will probably get his neck wrung by an un-

sympathetic owner who isn't of a mind to perpetuate such cowardice in future generations.

Sometimes a fight ends with a fallen bird being counted out by the referee, 10 repeated ten times is the long count (another item borrowed by boxing); 20 repeated twice is the short count. At the slightest sign of "pluck" (fight) from a downed bird, the count is broken.

The sport's had quite a history in this country. George Washington, for one, was a red-hot fancier.

In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, George invited the squire of Monticello to drop over to Mount Vernon some day.

"I've just imported a flock of yellow piles from New Orleans," wrote George. "Come on over, Tom," he added, in not so many words, "and we'll have sport."

Certain researchers ran across the letter in the files of the Virginia Historical Society some years ago.

Washington was never noted for his legible handwriting. The researchers were unfamiliar with the jargon of cock-fighting. They whooped with ungentlemanly glee, therefore, when they saw that remark about importing a "flock of yellow piles from New Orleans." They read it as "yellow pines."

Which looked bad. A "yellow pile" is a strain of gaming cock. But, in the contemporary slang of Virginia, a "yellow pine" was a high yaller gal.

WATER-SOAKED WEALTH

\$21,000,000,000 . . .
yours for the diving

By PETER FINNEY

CRAMMED INTO two hutch-like rooms on 131st street, near New York City's East River, the Simonsteins are wondering where their next meal is coming from—yet, less than 300 feet away is \$8,000,000 to which the Simonsteins are at lawful liberty to help themselves. The only trouble is, the Simonsteins must walk 240 feet horizontally, then 60 feet vertically—to the bottom of the East River.

This argosy was deposited there on September 13, 1780, when His Majesty's Ship *Hussar*, loaded with gold to pay Hessian troops, struck a rock and sank a few yards off Randall's Island. Not only do British Admiralty records confirm this, but salvagers who have been after the treasure trove since 1794 have brought up an anchor and other objects stamped "*H.M.S. Hussar*." They have not, however, brought up the gold. Attempts, fairly rampant in the early 1800's, began tapering as the century advanced. In 1823 a vigorous little man named Sam Davis had the hull practically out of the water when the cables parted. It broke his heart. The last effort had been made in 1884 and then . . .

Creeping up treacherous East River on July 26, 1934, the yacht *Josephine*, long and white, dropped anchor off a Bronx rubbish heap near Randall's Island, ran up a red "working" flag and stealthily slipped a diver over the side. Passing rivermen, and workers on the nearby A & P docks scratched



their heads. The Simonsteins and swarms of their neighbors gathered on the banks and gaped. Newspaper men, meeting a tacit rebuff aboard the *Josephine*, hastened to the Barge Office and learned that a certificate to hunt gold had been issued to an R. P. Powell, a former engineer, inventor and real estate man. At first, Powell flatly refused to talk but later he revealed that the expedition was inspired by an old chart purporting to show the exact location of the *Hussar*.

This was front page stuff and when he read it, Captain Thomas P. Connelly, a veteran treasure hunter and president of the Empire Salvage and Engineering Company, hit the ceiling of his office at 17 Battery Place. "These amateurs, these poachers!" cried the lean, baldish ex-warden of Jersey City's jail. He went into feverish conference with his long-time associate, W. E. Henkel, a mumbling sour-faced little man. Together they induced Minor C. Keith, relative of the founder of the United Fruit Company, to invest \$26,000 in an expedition to outwit the audacious Mr. Powell.

The Empire Company had a strong talking point in "Eleanor," a 675-pound robot, with ample room for a diver, which Captain Connelly had just invented. Thus, a few weeks later, the Empire Company's sea-going

tug *Terminal* dropped anchor with "Eleanor" close by the *Josephine* and the race for the *Hussar's* bounty was on.

As two of the country's top-flight divers, Anton Schacht, for Powell, and Roy H. Hansen, for Empire, combed the East River's bottom, a third *Hussar* expedition had been progressing with silent significance. At Stratford, Connecticut, the famous submarine inventor, Simon Lake, despite his 71 years, was putting the finishing touches to his latest brain-child; a unique, if fantastic-looking, craft with a cigar-shaped tube at one end which could be telescoped to the bottom. Lake had dreamed for 50 years of bringing up the *Hussar*. It would be an honor, he said, even without the gold. So, while his two competitors worked away, Lake slipped to Washington and negotiated with the U. S. Government a contract which gave him exclusive salvage rights to the *Hussar*.

This was dismal news to Powell and Connelly and, when they pulled out, in pulled Lake with his outlandish contraption named the *Laksco*. "I know exactly where the *Hussar* is," the pudgy-faced inventor grinned behind his walrus mustache, "it's 100-to-1 we'll have her up in no time. It's a cinch with this new apparatus." Through 1934, through 1935 the *Laksco* operated doggedly, diverting occasionally to bring in needed cash



AL ROSS

"This gentleman here is holding the stakes"

by salvaging coal from sunken barges.

Last year, Simon Lake suffered a cruel and unexpected blow. Failing to collect some back wages, a seaman slapped a \$394 lien on the *Laksco*, forcing Lake to borrow the cash to save his precious invention from the auction block. Since then, Lake's salvaging activities have been confined to renewing his government contract twice a year. Weary and troubled, Lake is around today—seeking capital.

If you're interested, and have \$100,000 handy, the Empire Company will welcome you with open arms. It has something hot lined up: the Ward liner *Merida*, lying in 40 fathoms off Cape Charles, Virginia, with \$6,000,000 in gold and silver bullion, plus the crown jewels of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, in her rusted hull. Long discarded is Captain Connelly's "Eleanor." He's got a new diving suit in which Roy Hansen, hero of the S-14 and S-1 submarine disaster off New England, has already descended 510 feet. The *Merida*, how-

ever, is only 240 feet under.

Of course, the *Merida* is no big secret. At least a dozen expeditions have gone after her and one, "The Sea Hawks," headed by Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, actually got to first base. That is, after six months work, it found the *Merida's* hull but lost it in a siege of bad weather. Later efforts to find it proved fruitless. The newspapers got steamed up in 1930 when the four masted schooner *The Constellation*, under the Empire Company's aegis, embarked on a *Merida* search. Reaching the spot, she hardly had her lines over when a storm came on

and the expedition folded before it even began. *The Constellation* is standing forlornly today in the New York harbor. Two rival expeditions, headed by Captains H. L. Bowdoin and John Hall, fizzled in 1933. Accused of swindling, Captain Bowdoin gained considerable notoriety, giving the game a black eye which it still nurses.

You'll learn, too, in this business, that all that glitters is not gold—enough. Packed



with miners from the Klondike, the *SS Islander*, in 1901, went down off Juneau, Alaska. On board, they said, was \$3,000,000 in gold. After slaving two summers, a Seattle syndicate brought up the *Islander* in 1934 and recovered exactly \$50,000—a fraction of the salvage cost. The largest “poke” found was \$1,800 in gold dust.

Take, on the other hand, the Sorima Company, an Italian syndicate formed to salvage the P & O liner *Egypt* which sank in 60 fathoms in the treacherous Bay of Biscay, just off Finisterre, France. With a working capital of nearly a half million dollars, the Sorima Company sent out two tramp steamers. It took an entire summer just to locate the *Egypt*. The following summer was devoted to blasting, and the year after that Sorima divers sent up close to five million dollars in gold and jewels. Working only a few months, Commodore Sir Frederick Young brought up three and a half million dollars in gold from the sunken P & O liner *Oceana* off Eastbourne, Essex, England.

Most of the modern ships, of course, are insured by Lloyd's of London which gets a reasonable slice of the treasure. The government, too, demands a rake-off but, usually, the successful syndicate keeps about 65 per cent of its fruits.

All yours is the tidy prize of \$800,000,000 in gold, silver and jewels which paves the floor of

Vigo Bay off the northern coast of Spain. Here, a Spanish armada, the richest in the history of the world, was sunk by the British fleet. Ironically enough, the main trouble here is shallow water which is too readily churned into high waves by even a mild wind. A diver would rather work at a 500-foot ocean depth than at 60 feet in the East River.

One of the greatest storm centers of treasure hunters has been Costa Rica's pin point in the Pacific, Cocos Island. Covering about six square miles and lying 550 miles southwest of Panama, it is supposed to nest \$60,000,000 in pirate loot buried there during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Cocos Island has been a continuous headache for the Costa Rican government, and the biggest of them was the hectic Cocos jaunt of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., an expedition headed by Captain C. Arthur, an Englishman, who promoted a neat sum and cut in Drexel Biddle for the loan of his yacht.

Before even arriving at Cocos, Captain Arthur and expedition were jailed at the Canary Islands for using a non-union barge. Arriving at Cocos, the party set directly to work with a geophysical divining rod, overlooking the slight matter of obtaining a permit from Costa Rica. Charged with defying the sovereignty, the whole shebang was arrested by the garrison of a

penal colony which the government maintains. Weeks of delay followed and, when the permit finally arrived, the funds had dwindled. Biddle wanted his yacht. Captain Arthur went to Panama to do a little promoting, leaving the expedition in charge of Commander A. F. C. Finnis. Meanwhile, a nosy Costa Rican official uncovered a promotion brochure of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., which read, in part:

"Since Cocos Island dates back to the American colonial empire of Spain, which no longer exists, there is little risk of any individual putting forth any claim to Cocos' treasure trove. It is extremely doubtful whether ownership of the Island itself can be established by any nation."

Three Costa Rican officials were treated for apoplexy. Two detachments of armed police were dispatched to Cocos with orders to "overcome any resistance and drive representatives of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., to Punta Arena" on the mainland. When this tid-bit of news reached Captain Arthur—via a Panama newspaper—he penned a little note to Finnis, advising him and his stranded companions "to comply in every way possible with the police." As for himself, Captain Arthur hopped the next ship for England.

While Finnis was assuring the



Governor of Costa Rica that the promotion pamphlet, giving the lie to his country's claim to Cocos, was written by a misinformed London lawyer, and also assuring His Excellency that Costa Rica's claim to Cocos was indisputable, Captain Arthur was plaguing the British Foreign Office in London in attempt to claim Cocos for England. This proposition drew a stinging rebuke from the Foreign Secretary. "The Government," he clipped, "does not intend to get into any controversy with Costa Rica, regardless of the claims of the expedition."

Crestfallen but undaunted, the indefatigable Captain ground out another issue of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., stock, sold it as a gamble, chartered the yacht

Veracity and steamed back to Cocos. He paid Costa Rica \$5,000 to cover the cost of ousting his companions and seizing the equipment. With things in order again, the expedition was suddenly halted by bad weather during which the search permit expired. By the time it was renewed, the supplies were exhausted, the \$25,000 yacht-charter was up and the whole bunch, because of notoriety aroused by the expedition, was expatriated. Commander Finnis and three others were later repatriated but elected to remain in Costa Rica. No telling where Captain Arthur is but, wherever, chances are he's promoting a treasure hunt. If Costa Rica never sees him again it will be too soon. These quiet, easy-going people are still recovering from *Treasure Recovery, Ltd.*

A wave of apprehension swept Cocos in October 1935 when the *U.S.S. Portland* steamed up, dropped anchor and sent a long-boat shoreward. Was the United States coming to claim the Island? Colonel Ignacio Coronados, head of the permanent garrison, stood with furrowed brow on the beach. He sighed blissfully when President Roosevelt and his fishing party stepped out and, with typical New Deal geniality, announced they had merely stopped off for a brief visit on the famous island. That's what Costa Rica likes from her foreign cousins: brief visits, the briefer the better, for

it seems they have a bright little plan in operation. As soon as convicts set foot on the island, they're given pick and shovel and ordered to hunt treasure.

When people get an idea that a certain spot holds treasure—watch out! Not long ago four Bronx citizens were arrested for blasting Old Letterrock Mountain in Palisades Interstate Park. They heard treasure was buried in it. G. L. Boundey, custodian of Tumacacori National Monument in Arizona, almost went nuts a few years ago when swarms of treasure hunters moved in and began hacking away the pre-historic Pueblo buildings in search of a rumored five million dollars in gold. Finally, Boundey had to get two Government archeologists to conduct an official excavation to prove the treasure trove business was nonsense.

The list of actual and alleged treasure troves is almost inexhaustible and in proportion to the fertility of this field, there is an extraordinarily small number of expeditions. The U. S. Bureau of Mines estimates that between 1492 and 1935, the world produced 1,109,800,000 ounces of gold and that about half this, or 21 billion dollars worth, has dropped completely out of sight. The bulk of this missing half is believed to have gone down in shipwrecks. This estimate, remember, does not include the gold mined before 1492, or the vast quantities of

silver, copper, and precious stones which decorate the underseas. Hardly a month passes but what a group hies forth in search of these quarries; ill equipped, misinformed, inexperienced and poorly financed. It's sheer folly—that way.

By and large, successful treasure hunting is big business at the peak of efficiency. Every minute, every penny counts, and unless headed by a man, or men who can organize an expedition down to the last simple detail—failure is virtually certain. And even then. Take the last treasure hunt sensation, the *Orphir*, the most elaborately equipped of all salvage vessels. The *Orphir* set out in July 1935 to solve the 20-year-old mystery of the *Lusitania*, that went down with from 4 to 15 million dollars in gold off Old Head of Kinsdale, Ireland. Backed by the well-heeled Argonaut Corporation, headed by Captain Henry Dell Russell, the famous deep-sea salvager, the expedition carried two officers who survived the *Lusitania*, the lost vessel's chart, the log of the commander of the German U-boat that sunk the ship and the United Press's writing ace, Gilbert McAllister. Off in a whirlwind of publicity, the venture dragged through the summer and wound up behind a half million dollar eight ball in the Fall.

Even the most modest expedition will set you back \$18,000

a week and, with an operating capital of \$100,000, you have two and a half fortnights to do your stuff—providing, of course, you have ideal weather. Remember, work stops in bad weather but your operating costs go on.

Another thing—don't figure on luck! It's seldom with you on premeditated treasure hunts, although it has gained considerable prestige through such irrelevances as the Ven Shihs'. Last May, while God knows how many expeditions methodically hunted away, Ven Shihs, an impoverished Chinese farmer, in the Fukien province, sent his wife for wood to cook their last bowl of rice. Taking a couple of whacks at a tree stump, Mrs. Shihs hit something hard, called her husband. They dragged out a chest containing a million dollars in gold. In March, the year before, a Mexican lad, playing in the sands of Santa Margarita Island, off the coast of La Paz, Baja California, unearthed a chest of gold bars worth two million snacks. On the property of F. R. Groover, near Atlanta, Ga., four youths, in 1935, found \$15,000 in gold under a rock. Groover sued for the treasure and, losing in the lower courts, took his case to the Supreme Court which ruled:

"Coin, gold, silver plate or bullion and similar articles hidden for safe keeping and forgotten, or remaining undiscovered by reasons of death of the per-



JAMES TRENBATH

"Have a nice time, darling, and when you get home, knock loudly"

son who hid them, are technically known as treasure trove," the title of which belongs to the finder "as against the rest of the world" if the true owners are not known.

It's surprising but there have been relatively few incidents of fraud or swindling in the treasure hunting enterprises. There was Captain Bowdoin, of course, and a German professor, obviously a screwball, who got from one to three years in Memphis, Tenn., sometime back for nicking Clarence Saunders, the Piggly-Wiggly founder, for \$1,500 in a bogus treasure scheme.

The New York office of the Securities Exchange Commission is swamped with shady mining and cemetery stunts but no treasure hunting boys. There are at least four ways of forming a corporation to avoid the SEC's scrutiny. One official couldn't understand it. "Seems like such a good field," he mused.

In the United States there have been few public offerings in this line. Mostly it's a closed syndicate of "prominent business men." If it flops, it flops, but the syndicate members at least know that they got a run for their money.

The Empire Salvage and Engineering Company's Mr. Henkel holds a gloomy outlook on big-time treasure hunting. He says men rich enough to back an expedition aren't interested. They say, "Why hunt gold when the government is

going to gobble most of it?" Henkel believes he could get the backing abroad. "Americans," he declares, "are sure-fire gamblers. They want to know a thing's in the bag before you start."

But just when everything seems pretty dark, so far as relieving the ocean beds of their billions, something comes along to fan the dying hope.

The latest is a Gargantuan affair designed by Claude Byler, a Wyoming engineer. He hasn't named it yet but when completed it will resemble Grand Central Station. It's really four boats in one; two long barges joined at either end by broader ones and leaving a rectangular opening in the center. Through this opening, from steel frame work overhead, a 700-foot steel bar, with 24 sets of giant tongs, capable of completely embracing a treasure ship, will be lowered on cables—3,000 feet if necessary. It will be able to lift 100,000 tons, says Mr. Byler, who points out that the average wreck weighs only 37,000 tons. Plenty of reserve. It will come complete with diving bell, telephones, monster searchlights. The thing simply goes down and lifts your galleon in one fell swoop, as you would take a cake of soap from the bottom of a bathtub. Mr. Byler is ready to do business. He's just finished designing this colossus—down to the last nut. All he needs is \$10,000,000 to build it.

ETHERIZED ANGELS

*A little free advice
on the care and
feeding of nurses*

JUST AS long as men come down with galloping gallstones, or crack shin-bones by falling over a fire-plug when in liquor, just so long will the most indestructible of male legends endure. Which will be, no doubt, until the world quits rolling, in disgust.

This durable fairy-tale relates the beauty, tenderness, and complacency of all the Women in White who minister to men while locked away in the comfortable cell-houses sometimes called "hospitals."

There is not a man alive who has emerged from such elegant durance without being greeted by some such cheap dialogue as this from his pals—

"Gosh, I bet you're sorry to leave the old college, hey?" (long, vulgar leer) "Swell bed, good grub and all those pip nurses, hey?" (nasty smirk) "Listen, Joe—give us the low-down on this nurse gag, hey?"

At this point Joe, if physically able, gives the foul inquisitor a lusty pop on the horn, and totters off about his convalescence!

The unhappy girl, tightly but-



toned into a stiff white uniform, rises in time to punch the clock at 7 A.M. Then begins an infernal round of clutching bony wrists, sticking glass tubes in mouths, sponging all varieties of ailing bodies, and enduring querulous whines and ill-tempered snarls.

And after twelve hours of this, the hospital nurse is supposed, by healthy outsiders, to be a combination of part-time wife, harem cutie, concubine, and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, with overtones of Miss Carole Lombard in lighter mood!

To which the answer, obvi-

By
LEONARD HALL

ously, is either fooie or pooh!

I spent most of the summer of 1937 tucked away in a mammoth New York nursing-home. I soon learned to call it "The East 58th St. Country Club," because numbers of lovely convalescent ladies, warmly wrapped in tiny turkish towels, spent the afternoons soaking up sunshine on the set-backs overlooking the East River. We lacked only a swing band and a bar.

As soon as I had pushed aside the ether fog, I began an intensive study of this historic nurse legend, in the purest scientific spirit. Realizing that an aging invalid on the make is one of the silliest sights known in the world, I set about winning the interest and confidence of the young Florence Nightingales by quiet charm, gentle indifference, and above all, by not pulling the light-cord too often. If ever you wish to win even the tolerance of a nurse, don't summon her to the bedside unless actually at the point of death—or worse. As a result of my careful tactics, I soon had several of the darlings eating off my breakfast tray and out of my shriveled hand.

One thing is perfectly true—that when you gents enter one of these brief halts on the march to the grave you do so with two strikes, swung, on the other sex!

Nurses, like stenographers and daughters of joy, vastly prefer working for men. Women who are off their feed are incredibly

fussy and catty, and unbelievable nuisances to the professionally patient help. The ladies, however, seem to enjoy greatly being ill, bed-ridden, and helpless, and thus out-number us enormously in hospitals. We go when dragged. They often go for fun.

For this reason, when a man is lugged to a private room in a great modern quack-joint, he is very apt to have a triumphal entry, in a small way. "There's a new man in 14!" runs the buzz among the floor nurses, and all poke in their heads promptly to see whether he has any Robert Taylor symptoms or is just another senile gargoyle. Usually, of course, he is the latter. One of the greatest tragedies of a nurse's life is that beautiful men also seem to be immorally healthy! The girls get the culls, rejects, and mis-mates!

And what of the he-sufferer? Does he roll his eyes amorously, or even make a fast tentative snatch, at the angel in white at his side? Certainly not. All these dizzy dreams of Ziegfeldian beauty at the bedside explode like toy balloons in view of the fact that the poor sick boy, unless he has nothing worse than an ingrown toe-nail, is superbly indifferent because he feels magnificently lousy! In fact, he feels so terrible he wouldn't start a grab at a Garbo! Beautiful women? Bah! All he wants is a quick and easy death!

Sometimes, of course, he gets it. If grim Fate persists in in-

flicking him with the Life Force, he awakens to his first dawn, and the angel assigned to his cubicle arrives to give him a fast rub-off. And yet it is my tragic duty to report that even though she possessed the manifold charms of a Dietrich, he couldn't rouse the faintest snort of joy! In fact, she might as well be Wallace Beery, for all he cares!

But wait! It would be plumb silly to deny that we are softened up and ready for a touch by being locked up, bed-fast, for the duration. We inevitably become emotional pop-overs as soon as convalescence sets in and we fear we are not going to kick off after all.

Unhappy in our doddering helplessness, we go right back to kindergarden! Our world is the four pastel walls of the cell, and Nursie is also Mamma, Tootsie, and Hand-Maiden, be she ever so humble—and she often is. Sick men, in short, are suckers—but nurses almost never are. It is this sad divergence that causes the little messes, didoes, and outbreaks that so brighten hospital life!

So the recovering male resumes some small interest in life—which for him consists of a young woman in a starched white suit. And does

the dolt make even a faint off-side pass at her? Then he is both a damned fool and entirely out of luck!

The chances are that she will not smack him around, cuff him or even give him a barrage of sass. She knows cuter tricks. The poor dope will merely be entirely ignored—which is the quintessence of hospital cruelty. She will give him a super-dose of the good old absent treatment, and even though he hangs on the bell-cord, he will be lucky to get a jug of fresh water in an hour. And it serves him muckin' well right, too, for why should a mere mood, or whim, license him to make monkey-shines with the wench whose ghastly job it is to attend him?

This doesn't mean that nurses are frigid or prudish. They're just busy. And often bored. And from what I have learned by discreet cross-examination, they are not hectored by much of this absurdity, even though as pretty as Goldwyn Girls, and surpris-

ingly many are. My studies even allowed me to construct certain graphs, charts and tables which may be of use to you when, God forbid, you are place-kicked by a careening taxi and you wake one morning in the pallid



confines of a trick hospital bed.

Here they are, in simple forthright terms.

What makes nurses like male sufferers: Not bothering them unless absolutely necessary. Thoughtfulness in the matter of candy, cosmetics and such pleasing trifles. Flowers mean no more to a nurse than they do to a corpse, since they practically live in a green-house. Most important of all—regularity in thought, speech, and deed. In other words—suffer and let suffer! And keep your silly hands to yourself, Mr. Doodleberry!

What makes nurses hate male inmates: Forlorn and futile gropes by gents at the Silly Age, and absurd hints at propositions from the same. Constant fantasies played on the light-chain. Any sort of familiarity—which breeds more contempt in a hospital than anywhere in the world! Especially, the juvenile antics of birds with no hair and store crockery.

Those are just the more important hints. And if you do pursue the true line, and win the friendship and confidence of the gals in white, your convalescence takes on new color, variety and even mild excitement!

Once in their good graces, you are a friend. They are eager to do you small services—and to admit you to the sacred and secret circle of hospital chit-chat which can considerably brighten long and onerous days abed!

They'll rally round to tell you

the floor gossip—about the costly blonde Keptee in the \$25 room, whose Papa comes in the evenings, but whose Sweetie-Bum pays his visits in the afternoon! Of the bird with the temperature topping 106, who will be sold out at 107 and sent to the tannery. Of the etherized gal in 33 who was found sitting stark naked in the easy chair beside the bed by a chance interne, and many internes are very chance indeed. Of the ghastly old fuddy-duddy in 46 who offered the pretty Irish floor-maid \$10 if she would let him put it in her stocking.

These petty goings-on are tremendous events in the lock-up. And you'll learn the nicknames of the staff as well as the sick, lame, and lazy. The technician who does blood counts and tests the things is probably "Bloody Mary," while the amorous interne is "Dr. Gable." Nearly all patients get nicknames, though the most loathsome is usually known as "that old bastard in 6."

Remember always that these enslaved girls don't want romancing or good honest lust—all they crave from you is an affable spirit of good-will. Give it, and you may be admitted to the nurses' private Kaffee-Klatch at 9 A.M. Withhold it and you will be just another heel and horror in their toilsome lives! They labor all day or chase fussy bells all night, and since the cracked-up customers are the



world's worst squawkers—the wonder is not that there is an occasional sourpuss among the girls, but that any can smile at all.

And bless their golden little hearts, most of them can, and love to! In the midst of so much misery and drudgery they long for little bursts of fun. Provide a few, as God gives you grace, and you will become one of the pets of the place and enjoy life until you are again kicked into the outer world to face a worse fate in days to come!

Why on earth do many attractive cuties enter this monastic, pettifogging way of making a modest livelihood?

Perhaps one in 10,000 dumbly

dreams she will attend and ultimately wed a beautiful young coupon-clipping polo player.

True, it offers them a fairly certain living—but so does pounding a typewriter, or the pavement. On the other hand, during their hospital service they are housed in huge, manless nunneries where they must spend most of their hours when not clocking pulses! The dream of nearly every nurse is a little apartment shared with her best girl-friend, where they may pour drinks for boys and shake up an omelet afterward. Yet at \$70 the month this is a damned good trick, and few can accomplish it!

They put up with the foolish whims, appalling idiocies and amazing nastinesses of thousands of human beings who don't feel well, and thus are a stench upon the earth—which is built only for the well and gay. They're a wonderful lot of patient, friendly, attractive girls, and I love them.

I don't deny that once in 200 cases you might meet a nursing go-to-hell, but you should live so long! And my point is that making the necessary tests just isn't worth it—it doesn't pay off in the long run.

Be friendly and thoughtful and you'll make some smart, swell, and amusing chums. But if you are foolish enough to try any silly doo-dads on this hard-working, fun-loving sisterhood, you are just an ass—and a big kiss from a ten-ton beer truck is too damned good for you!



NED HILTON

"Sorry, Coach, I guess I broke spring training"

THAR SHE BLOWS!



Courtesy of the Old Print Mart

Wooden whaling ships and iron whaling men

PROBABLY THE toughest, most dangerous method of earning a living known to man was whaling, using the old-fashioned hand harpoon, New England free style system, employed, some years back, by the carefree mariners of Bedford, Massachusetts. For sheer guts, the whalemen of the early nineteenth century have yet to be surpassed, and it is of these men that this Iliad concerns itself.

To begin with, it might be well to clear up for the benefit of those unacquainted with the beast, just what a whale is, anyway.

At present it is the largest of God's living creatures. A sperm

whale—commercially the most valuable of the species—is anywhere from forty to a hundred feet in length. And he—or she, as the case may be—weighs approximately a ton to a foot. An eighty foot whale, then, if up-ended, would be a bit taller than a six story apartment house, and would weigh a couple of pounds more than eight hundred Primo Carneras stacked end to end on the canvas of a prize ring, the customary position.

Let's get a little more technical. A sperm whale's head is about one third the total length of his body. In other words, it takes up enough space for a couple

By **HILTON SMYTH**

of elephants to move around in.

By this time it should be evident that a whale is not a healthy creature to engage in casual hand-to-hand combat. Yet, that, to all intents and purposes, is just what many whalers are doing today. The annals of the sea are filled with records of hundreds of men who have gone to their death as a result of some whale's fury. More than one full-rigged ship has been battered and sunk by a whale.

One of the most famous disasters of the sea was caused by an infuriated whale. This was the loss of the whaling ship *Essex*. The big ship met up with a mad whale, and the ship lost.

It was an immense bull-whale that did the trick. He was harpooned one day, but fought his way free, carrying off the har-

poon and line. A few days later, when the small boats had again put out from the schooner *Essex*, the same monstrous bull-whale broke out of the water, hardly a hundred yards off the ship's bow. He breached completely out of the water, and came down with a smack like an exploding bomb. From his side hung the harpoon and line of the previous encounter.

The whale milled about for a moment, and then started directly towards the *Essex*. Before the ship could change its direction, the crash came, as nearly a hundred tons of mammoth whale struck squarely beneath her fore-chains.

The ship quivered as though an enormous tidal wave had caught her. The whale passed under the keel, came up the

other side, and went on a couple of hundred yards before coming to a stop. Then it seemed to go into a frenzied, insane fury—leaping out of the water, dashing wildly from side to side, and generally raising hell.

Once again, the whale



started for the ship, with the velocity of an over-sized torpedo. And this time when the whale struck the boat, it stove in a hole large enough to admit a ten ton truck. The whale waited a moment, and finally, as the ship started to list

and sink slowly, the whale turned and sped off over the horizon.

A moment later the schooner up-ended and disappeared, bow first, into the ocean. All that was left were the three small boat-loads of men, with the nearest land over a thousand miles away. Only three of the men, out of a crew of nearly thirty, were eventually rescued.

The *Essex* wasn't the only ship conquered by a whale. There was the bark *Kathleen*, rammed and sunk off the South American coast by a whale. There was the square-rigger *Annie M.* and the three-masted schooner *Abigail*.

As for the small whale boats smashed to smithereens by the slap of a whale's tail, the list would run into thousands. But a list was never kept. It was too



common an occurrence in the life of a whaler.

A glance through the log-book of any whaling captain will turn up a dozen entries such as:

"John Amos, lost when whale stove in boat."

"Ethan Tilden, leg bitten off by whale."

"Otis Allen, killed by whale."

The old hokum of Jonah and the whale no longer seems hokum when you read of the whale boats bitten in two by the angry crunch of a whale's mammoth jaws.

Jared Chase, first mate of the schooner *Nancy*, was out in a whale boat that eventually made fast to a cow-whale. The whale sounded, and then came up out of the water, a scant fifty feet from the boat. Before Chase and his men could back-water, the whale was upon them, head up.

The whale's jaws opened—with jaw bones twenty feet long—and then snapped shut about the boat.

For a single, frightful moment, Chase found himself standing upright in the whale's mouth. The next moment he was spewed forth into the sea, stained with the blood of another sailor, Herman Jenny, who had been bitten in two.

The old-time method of hunting a whale was sheer danger all the way through. Once a whale had been sighted — in

the case of a sperm whale, usually in tropical waters replete with sharks—the small boats were lowered from the whaling ship, and the hunt was on. Usually there were six men to a boat, and often it took hours before they could come near enough to the whale to hurl a harpoon.

This harpoon was about eight feet in length, consisting of a wooden shaft and a hinged iron barb. Where the iron entered the wooden shaft was an eyelet, to which was attached a rope

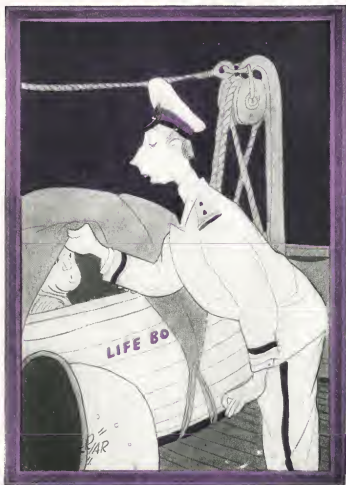
coiled in two large tubs in the bottom of the boat. So heavy and clumsy are the harpoons that few men have been able to hurl them successfully a distance of more than a dozen feet. This means, then, that the boat must be practically on top of the



whale before the harpooner can let go.

Suppose that the harpoon is successfully cast, and its barb penetrates the thick blubber of the whale. That is only the beginning of the excitement, for the whale is neither dead nor seriously wounded. All that has happened is that the boat has succeeded in making fast to the whale by means of the harpoon, firmly embedded in its flesh, and the attached rope.

Then and there any of a number of things can happen, and



LAWRENCE LARIAR

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's against the rules for tourist and first class passengers to mix"

all of them are damned dangerous. The whale can "sound," which means that he starts hell-bent for the bottom of the ocean. Unless something is done about it, and that pretty quick, the boat and its load of men are apt to follow him.

As soon as possible the line is cramped about the logger-head post in the stern, and the boat is off for what is known as a "Nantucket sleigh ride." The whale is tearing through the water at a rate of some fifteen miles an hour, with the boat careening along in its wake. A whale has been known to drag four boats, an aggregate weight of about ten tons, for five days through the water without stopping.

It takes courage, stamina, and a foolhardy disregard for death for the crew of the whaleboat to remain alongside seventy or eighty tons of infuriated power long enough to lance a whale. For it is the lance—a long, razor-sharp sort of spear—penetrating the vital organs of the creature that brings about its death.

It is then, after the death blow has been given, that the most dangerous moments come. For a whale doesn't accept death quietly, nor meekly, nor quickly. To the contrary. While his life's blood ebbs away, the whale rises to a new height of viciousness. As the surrounding sea gradually takes on a crimson stain, the whale goes into a death flurry.

With one swift swipe of his tremendous fluke, he can knock the whaleboat into the air like a bubble, or smash it into splinters. His gaping jaws are literally the jaws of death, with pointed teeth the size of a quart bottle. A single crunch, and he can grind a heavy whaleboat in two. From his blow-hole he spouts blood in a crimson geyser, until the men in the precariously bobbing whaleboat are coated in a gory mist. Anything and everything within his dangerous reach seems doomed.

In the final agonizing moments of the whale's frantic struggle against death, the men responsible for his capture are only a hair's breadth from death themselves. The fresh blood spilling into the sea has attracted a score of sharks, swarming for the kill. A man may escape the killing lust of the whale only to be thrown into the sea and snatched almost instantly by a voracious shark.

When at last the whale floats motionless, a dead, inert mass of what was once stupendous power, the men know that they have gone through something. One experience such as theirs would be enough to last the average big game hunter a lifetime, but with whalers it is a constant occurrence. It is doubtful if any of them ever look on their profession as either thrilling or particularly dangerous. To them, it's merely a job.



MAN TO MAN • MAN TO MAN

A Boy's Best Friend

Two G-men operating in the Philadelphia area are pardonably proud of their automobile, which they call Mother. Outwardly a dirty, badly-used flivver, it is in reality a useful implement of business containing a two-way radio, lead ballast in the rear, high-speed gears, and a motor tuned for Indianapolis.

Coming out of a movie on a night off they discovered a man in the act of stealing their car. In their book this offense is two notches worse than kidnapping and they proceeded accordingly to give the thief a slight workout. Some city cops strolled by and asked whose birthday was being celebrated.

The G-men showed their credentials, or, as they say in the profession, splashed their tin, and explained, "This guy was trying to grab our Mother."

The snatcher was not prosecuted but when he got home from his evening's work he was a pretty tired boy.

Public Welfare

A certain newspaper in Chicago, which we may describe as *The Chicago X*, or *Tribune*, gets moody every once in a while and decides that it has a greater public duty to perform than the mere dissemination of nasty old news. In these phases it permits itself to get whipped into a froth about such weighty academic matters as Love, Soil Erosion, Bankruptcy, and Divorce.

A while ago one of the front office philosophers got to thinking about what a stinking shame it was that such a great disparity existed in the divorce laws of the sovereign governments of Illinois, New York, California, Nevada, etc., and suggested to the editorial council that a successful crusade to

standardize the divorce laws of all States would be a journalistic *putsch* of earth-shaking magnitude.

The idea found support. Step Number One in the campaign, it was decided, would be a canvass of Chicago opinion on the subject. Accordingly, battalions of fresh-faced college boys were loosed on the community to ring doorbells and ask the lady of the house: "Are you or are you not in favor of uniform divorce laws? Why?"

After a couple of days of field work the sponsor of the project was overjoyed at the whole-hearted response of the good housewives of the town. The canvassers reported that nearly every woman they approached had a definite opinion on the subject and was eager to impart it.

At the end of a week a tabulation of responses was begun. The first count showed that the women of Chicago were overwhelmingly opposed to uniform divorce laws. The reason they were opposed was that they thought it would be unfair to make divorced people wear uniforms.

The crusade collapsed a few minutes later. But don't worry. They'll think up another one.

Nostalgic Note

Mr. Harold McCracken is a mighty hunter, the kind of guy who wrestles polar bears on their home grounds. He is tall, soft-spoken, and scholarly and so thin he has to wear a fur coat when having his picture taken to make sure something will show up on the negative.

Mr. McCracken describes himself as an ursinologist, which is to say that he knows all about the life and loves of the Papa Bear, the Mama Bear, and the Teddy Bear. He is also pretty well versed in the lore of marine mammals, having knocked around



MAN TO MAN • MAN TO MAN

Siberia and the Bering Sea considerably in Captain Bob Bartlett's schooner *Morrissey*.

On his most recent trip to the North, McCracken bumped off a handsome male narwhal, and as a trophy of the conquest preserved the bone of the pudendum, a handsome ivory-like specimen about two-feet long and correspondingly thick. This he polished and varnished and shipped to New York, where in time it became a permanent exhibit in his office.

Notable visitors were invited to sign their names on the shiny white surface of the bone and after a while it became an album of ribaldry, each prominent signatory vying with the others to invent a jest appropriate to the immensity and durability of the subject. Admirals, generals, governors, cabinet members and a veritable president of the United States were registered, and as white space diminished, the eligibility requirements became stricter.

McCracken was standing at the window of his office one afternoon, holding the precious knickknack and speculating upon its value, when the thing slithered out of his hand and fell four stories into busy Forty-fifth Street. Narrowly missing a porter who was delivering some sandwiches to an apartment building, it struck the sidewalk and bounced high into the air. When McCracken reached the street he found a small knot of people gathered about the beautiful bone, which was lying in two pieces.

A policeman charged up in the approved what's-going-on-here manner. McCracken, recognizing that it would be pointless to explain that the battered relic was the bone out of a narwhal's pudendum, hastily improvised a yarn to the effect that it was an elephant tusk brought back from

Africa by Teddy Roosevelt. This seemed to satisfy the law and the bystanders, and the incident slid painlessly into the past tense.

McCracken now keeps the bone, mended and revarnished, in a cabinet. Probably the most poignant inscription on it reads:

If I had one like this I'd still be champ.

Jack Dempsey

Regularity Poll

In a spirit of scientific inquiry we have been following the returns in the balloting of the Dispatch Riders, an organization of amateur motorcyclists in the Three-I States.

The question to be decided is: Who would you take on a motorcycle tour of the U. S. and Mexico in 1938?

The standings to date:

Gypsy Rose Lee
Eleanor Holm Jarrett
Carole Lombard
Loretta Young
Major Bowes
Al Capone
The wife

Practical Socialism

Mr. Norman Thomas, in addition to being a dog breeder of parts, an entertaining candidate for office, and a liberal member of the Presbyterian clergy, is a nice fellow to know in a pinch.

During the pre-election furore, a prominent Left Wing writer managed to get immoderately stiff in a Greenwich Village ale parlor. When the hour of reckoning came it became apparent that the gentleman had been overserved (1) in relation to his capacity to absorb and (2) in relation to his capacity to pay. In fact all he had in his pocket was a nickel and a Pittsburgh street-car token.

The owner of the joint locked the writer's hat and overcoat in the ice box and threatened to keep them until the tab was paid. "O-ho," said the crapulent customer to himself, "I am now in the very devil of a fix. And who is there to go my bail?"

Seized with sudden inspiration he invited two burly loungers in the place to accompany him on a taxi ride. Arrived at Norman Thomas's office, the drunk pushed the two bruisers in ahead of him and introduced them thus: "Norman, I want you to meet the two toughest moving men in New York. They've got all my furniture and clothing piled up on their truck and they won't deliver it unless I give them twenty dollars."

Mr. Thomas, nearly swooning from the fumes of ales, wines, liquors, and cigars emanating from his visitors, provided the money without question.

Whereupon the relief expedition returned to its starting point and set up drinks for the house, leaving the Class Struggle with a net deficit of twenty bucks.

Boomeranging for a Bet

The silly season in sports having arrived, it is time for a promoter to book a contest of prowess between Lou Gehrig and The Boomerang Man. The Boomerang Man is M. P. Greenwood Adams, an Australian athlete of some renown, who can pitch screwballs, outcurves, and spitters with the boomerang.

Mr. Greenwood Adams is prepared to wager a few pence that he can heave a regulation boomerang the regulation distance between the pitcher's slab and home plate, within the baseball "strike" zone, in such a manner that Mr. Gehrig, the duralumin first baseman of the New York Yankees, cannot lay a bat on it in three tries.

Any takers?

How to Alienate People

In the matter of balls and strikes it may amuse you to find out how many

of your loving friends can solve the five-strikes problem. It's this: A batter, in a single time at bat, swings at five pitched balls and misses every time. No balls hit him and none is protested. How does he rate five strikes?

It's elementary, really. On the second strike, with two out, a runner on first attempts to steal and is thrown out. In the next inning the same batter, with no time at bat charged against him, goes to the plate again, with the previous count of two strikes erased. This time he strikes out on three pitched balls. Total strikes: five, in one official time at bat.

Suckers have been known to bet and lose as much as two bits on this dodge.

Another way to win pin-money from the ill-informed is to bet slight sums that they cannot tell you in what European countries are the cities of Dunkirk and Aix-la-Chapelle. John B. Kennedy, the radio commentator doesn't know, because he misplaces them whenever the opportunity arises. Dunkirk (or Dunkerque, if you want to be very swish) is in France and Aix-la-Chapelle (which Kennedy thinks is in Belgium) is in Germany.

Perhaps we'd better lay off this geography stuff, or Mr. Rand and Mr. McNally as a measure of retaliation may start publishing a magazine for men only, replete with sassy pictures of beautiful dames.

The Case of the Headless Newshawk

It's fairly easy these days to get into trouble without trying. Consider the case of the three jolly journalists of Providence, R. I., and how they came within a trigger flick of getting their heads blown off. For nothing.

These three inky wretches were of the species of newspaperman that works from 7 at night until 3 in the morning. After a long and bitter session of splitting infinitives and hanging participles, they knocked off on a rainy morning and walked to a rooming house where one of them lived.

They sat around for a while, smok-

ing and remarking what an unenlightened cockroach the managing editor was. Then one of them remembered that he had a fishing date the next day that he wanted to cancel so he went to the telephone. He got a wrong number.

After a while he tried again and got a wrong number. A little later he tried again and got a wrong number. The woman who answered this time was a bit peeved at being yanked out of bed at 4 in the morning for no fruitful purpose. She mentioned this to the boy journalist.

"Oh, pipe down, you old bag," he said unemotionally, "or I'll come out there and chop your head off."

He got tired of telephoning about then and suggested to his colleagues that they go downtown to the Grease Spot and have some ham and eggs. It was raining very hard then, so they called a taxi.

Fifteen minutes later the three were communing with some lunch in the Greek hash house when the proprietor, wearing an alarmed expression, tipped to their table and whispered, "Stand up and put your hands over your heads. They've got the place surrounded."

"Who's got the place surrounded?" asked one of the newspapermen, the one with the two-day beard. "The Black Legion?"

"The police."

They peered out into the street and perceived that the sidewalk was indeed lined with policemen. "They are also at the back door and on the roof," the Greek volunteered. "It is useless to resist. I advise you to do as they say, stand and raise your hands."

Casting rueful eyes at their unfinished food, the three got to their feet and lifted their hands, feeling more than a little silly. They posed that way for a couple of minutes until a plain-clothes supercop, an inspector, in fact, mustered the courage to confront them.

"You're covered from the street," the inspector muttered.

"What's it all about?" asked the

bearded reporter. "Are ham and eggs a felony?"

Some other cops filtered in. Among them was one who recognized one of the reporters. He whispered to a confere and there was a huddle of brass buttons out of which issued, eventually, a voice that asked: "You guys newspapermen?"

"Yeah."

The tension relaxed somewhat and after another huddle the three ham-and-egg fanciers were permitted to show their press cards to a couple of brave cops who ventured within arm's length to inspect them.

Still feeling pretty self-conscious, the reporters went out to the sidewalk as soon as they were permitted to. The street, on both sides, was glutted with cops armed with rifles and shotguns.

It developed that the ultimate wrong number the telephoning reporter had been connected with was the house next door to that of a citizen who had been mangled the day before in a gang fight that also took the life of a cop. When the reporter offered to chop the woman's head off she connected the threat with the underworld melodrama that had been enacted in the neighborhood and immediately called the police.

The police, thinking to avenge the murdered cop, mobilized in force. The telephone call was traced to its point of origin. Inquiry at the rooming house elicited the information that three men had left in a taxi. The taxi driver recalled where he had dropped his fares and identified them.

The police work had been swift and efficient. The restraint of the commanding officer had been admirable. Had he been less considerate he might have waited until the suspects left the restaurant and then given the order to open fire.

The incident had two noteworthy by-products. One reporter lost his fondness for ham and eggs. And one State official lost his fondness for stray blondes. When the cops ransacked the rooming house they discovered him in the hay with one.

*Drawings by
William Steig*



OWN YOUR OWN SNAKE

*An afterthought on the
serpent as a household pet*

By WILL CUPPY

SNAKES ARE vertebrates and the vertebrates are classified as higher animals, whether you like it or not. I mean you can be a higher animal and still be a snake. This seems a rather peculiar arrangement, to be sure; if you can think of a better, let's have it.

Snakes affect different persons in different ways. Some loathe snakes so much that they won't even read about them—and I wish you could see some of these people! Others actually love snakes. Which brings us rather neatly to the first main subject or theme of this article: the snake as something to love. (I

see the weakness of this theme as well as you do—the snake is *not* something to love.)

Anyway, do you know how many people in this country keep snakes as pets? I thought not. Even more, of course, do nothing of the sort, and most of these would condemn the practice as morbid or worse. Frankly, considering what some of them *do* pet, I don't see why they should draw the line at snakes.

My own attitude is pretty tolerant. I don't care what people do about anything, let alone what they do about snakes. I may add that in my own case the problem of loving a snake

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month—*Lady Godiva Rides Again!*

or not loving a snake has never come up. I may be the type that just doesn't care to have a household of snakes for my very own. I must be, because you can't keep people from doing what they really want to do; therefore, if I were crazy about snakes, I'd have some, wouldn't I? Or maybe I haven't met the right snake.

There are many arguments, none of them awfully good, for having a snake in the house. There's the familiar one that a snake is better than nothing. Well, that hasn't a leg to stand on, if my experience with a certain pet (a non-snake) is any criterion. Never, my friends, take up with an animal that is merely better than nothing—it's terrible. Some day you may thank me for this tip.

I'd like to give a little advice to those who keep poisonous serpents around, but life has taught me that such people do not take advice. I had that out with a lady correspondent who used to write me about her pet Rattlesnakes and other diabolical species too numerous to mention. Every time she got a new Fer-de-Lance or a Bushmaster, she would write and tell me what a darling the fellow was, knowing only too well that I wouldn't sleep a wink that night. She knew I would sit up and answer her damn-fool letter, urging her to be more careful with the deadlier varieties.

One of this lady's contentions

was that snakes are fundamentally friendly creatures, seeking only to be pals with those whom Fate has cast in their way. Snakes do not want to bite you, she said; they much prefer not to bite you. She was so pedantic on this point that I watched for a chance to get even, and finally it came. One of her letters contained the statement, "Snakes *never* bite unless they are frightened." I rushed out and sent her the following wire: "All right then stop snakes never bite unless they are frightened." Not bad, eh?

I sort of lost track of the lady a couple of years ago, so I can't give you her latest opinions. Perhaps she got tired of my constant warnings. Her last letter, though, was as long and chatty as ever, all about the gigantic King Cobra she had acquired from the jungles of Malaysia. He was a perfect dear, she said, and just loved to be chucked under the chin with the petting stick. (The petting stick is a stick padded at the end, with which snake-lovers stroke and tickle the objects of their affection, mostly from a safe distance. And how would *you* like it?) The very next day, I recall, she was going to enter the King Cobra's cage and give it a good tidying up.

Among the harmless ophidians (snakes), the Gopher Snake is a favorite pet with many. It grows as long as nine feet and it hisses loudly most of the time,



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Wickersham 2-1319"

'but you could get used to that. This snake is just what you want if you suffer from Pocket Gophers, and a great many people do, surprising as it may seem in this day and age. How little we know of others' troubles! But, my God, Pocket Gophers! One would think the victims could take steps of *some* kind before it got to the point of calling in a nine-foot snake.

"Do snakes make intelligent pets?" and "How intelligent is a

think it should be longer, or funnier. Why is it that people don't see the significance of things any more? Seems as if they used to .

Some snakes are intelligent enough, if you don't expect much. Others aren't. I hesitate to speak of Butler's Garter Snake in this connection, because even the simplest statistic about it sounds insulting. Its head is only five-sixteenths of an inch wide, or about half what a Garter

Snake's head should be. It is pretty clear that nothing of any importance could happen in such a head; though, for all I know, they may think they're frightfully clever. Butler's Garter Snake gets by, that's about all you can say.

Butler's Garter Snake inhabits Ohio and Indiana, also parts of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. Observers who report it from western

snake?" are questions I am often asked, sometimes by people you wouldn't expect to bring up the subject. I generally tell them how the big Boa at the London Zoological Gardens swallowed her blanket, first constricting, or squeezing, it in the approved manner, apparently in the belief that it was a live goat. This little anecdote invariably disappoints all who hear it. They seem to

New York and Pennsylvania are probably Middle-Westerners trying to be nasty. A related species is the Narrow-Headed Garter Snake of California, a state in which several kinds of reptiles are noted for their limited cranial capacity. Scientists do not know why this condition should exist in any one particular region. I know, but I wouldn't dream of telling. Still,



why not? Mother Nature just thought more head would be a waste of material.

I don't think we need worry about these small-headed animals. There are a few gaps in their mental equipment, of course. They have to skip a lot, and they never get to the bottom of things—they're lucky if they get the general idea. As the saying goes, however, what they don't know won't hurt them. They are doubtless cheerful and contented as they are—it usually works that way. If their heads were larger, they might be very unhappy.

Here is the place, by the way, to mention those herpetologists who specialize in Garter Snakes. Herpetologists are people who know all about snakes and other reptiles. They are like other people, except that they are herpetologists. By counting the dorsal scales and the labial, ventral, and subcaudal scutes, studying the stripes and measuring the tails of thousands and thousands of Garter Snakes, they have succeeded in dividing the little fellows into a number of species and subspecies; more, to be candid, than actually exist. (For each new species he discovers, the herpetologist receives a bonus. Would that explain it?) Besides, herpetologists think that all members of a species must be exactly alike because all herpetologists are exactly alike.

Yet herpetologists have their place in the scheme of things.

Thanks to them, we know that Butler's Garter Snake has, in most instances, only six supralabials, a state of affairs caused by the fusion of the penultimate and antepenultimate scutes. We who take our Garter Snakes so lightly may well give a thought to the herpetologists counting scutes on specimens of the genus *Thamnophis* in museum basements while we are out living our lives. Most of them (the specimens) are pickled.

No article entitled "Own Your Own Snake" would be complete without a glance at Aristotle, with whom I have been conducting a feud on problems of natural history for some years now. And so far the odds are in my favor, if I do say it. I ask little credit for my victories over the Father of Learning, as they call him. They're too easy. Every time I look up something in his works, darned if the old boy isn't screwy. I suppose the rest of his stuff is fine—I just happened to look at the worst places. Oh, sure!

Take the snake's tongue, perhaps the most controversial subject in herpetology. What says the old Stagirite?—that's what he was, you know. Turn to Line 5, Section 660a, of "De Partibus Animalium" (Oxford, 1912), and read "this organ is forked and has a fine and hair-like extremity, because of their [serpents] great liking for dainty food. For by this arrangement they derive a twofold pleasure

from savours, their gustatory sensation being as it were doubled."

(Well, that's the way it goes in this business. You save up a reference for years in order to convict a rival of feeble-mindedness out of his own mouth, and when you come to use it, the thing has evaporated somehow. I would have sworn that was the silliest quotation I ever saw in my life, and I've seen plenty.)

Aristotle's view of the snake's tongue, somewhat in eclipse during the Dark Ages, when people had no time for such foolishness, came to the fore again with the Revival of Letters and held first place in the schools until shortly before the Repeal of the Corn Laws. During that entire period, as today, there was a strong popular suspicion that the snake *bites*, or *stings*, with its tongue, squirting its venom through the flickering filaments and injecting it in some unknown manner with the same instrument, though where that would leave the teeth and fangs it would be hard to say. The last scientist of any eminence to support this view was a Dr. W. Holt Yates, M. R. C. P., President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and author of a "History of Egypt." Nobody, including his immediate family, took Dr. Yates very seriously.

We of the Lost Generation were taught that the snake *hears*, as well as feels, with its tongue. It sounded fishy, but we took it,

doped as we were by the war, or were we just naturally dopes? As we rush to press, the latest snake book tells us that snakes do not hear with the tongue at all—they *smell* with it, for God-sakes. A snake can smell with its nose if it wants to. It can also smell by darting out its tongue and then sticking it up into its Jacobson's organ in the roof of its mouth. Working frantically back to the fountain-head, I find that Dr. Ditmars himself, in his "Snakes of the World" (Macmillan, 1932), says the snake's tongue enables it "to detect vibrations and to instantaneously 'taste' various odors either in the air or on the ground." (Are you still with us?)

Do you see what this makes me, when I practically called Aristotle a halfwit for saying that snakes smell with their tongues? Do you get the full force of it? Let this be a lesson to all authors who are trying to prove something. Don't make up your piece as you go along, trusting that your authorities will say what you thought they would say. First get your facts, and *then* write your piece, if write you must. As for Aristotle, I'll get him the next time. Father of Learning, my eye.

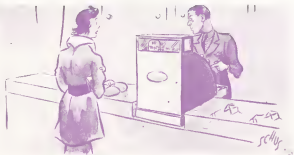
But speaking of sex, pet snakes are disappointing. They are not in the mood, apparently. Snakes are at their best—or worst, rather—in a wild state, where conditions are free and easy, to say the least. As Darwin

put it in "The Descent of Man," "Male snakes, though appearing so sluggish, are amorous." Isn't that just like Darwin? It was one of his main ideas, you know, that the males of almost all animals have stronger passions than the females. Since then we've learned a thing or two. At any rate, the female snake is right there when Spring arrives in the woods.

The love life of the snake, I fear, is not all that might be desired. Dr. Ditmars, who is no alarmist, says that Rattlesnakes, Copperheads, and Blacksnakes mate as soon as they emerge from their dens in May, even before they take a bite of food; which shows only too plainly which way their minds run. Snakes are born in Summer, and it is believed that most of them mate during their second or third Spring—that is, at the age of a year and a half or two years and a half. They figure they're only young once.

You have to follow a snake around before you know it. DeKay's Snake always struck me as a quiet and well-behaved sort until I learned some of its habits—sorry, I can't tell you. It is one of the species that mate at the age of eighteen months. You'd expect that of the Striped Swamp Snake, but hardly of DeKay's. And I suppose there's no use trying to hush up John's Sea Snake, which mates when only *six* months old! At that age both the male and the female John's Sea Snake are sexually mature, and I don't mean maybe.

Snakes, in a word, are well worth knowing, unless you'd rather know something else. In closing, I have a little message which I wish you'd relay to some of those people who won't read a snake article because it gives them the jumps: There are no snakes in Iceland, Ireland, or New Zealand. Why don't you go back to Iceland?



Misunderstood Male of the Month

James J. Walker

FORMER MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER of New York, a sterling worker in the public weal, was a great guy when he had it, but tempus fugit and now a certain low element of the populace has marked him lousy.

The low element—low but definitely—is in a dither over a certain little incident of recent date by which Mr. Walker made absolutely sure that the city of New York would remember him in December as it did in May, to quote Mr. Walker's ditty.

Mr. Walker cannot understand why the penny-pinchers are squealing in resentment at his re-entry into public life as special attorney to the New York Transit Commission at a trifling wage of \$1,000 a month. His feelings are hurt that anyone should impute ulterior motives to him.

The Walker critics have done just that. They have said that Walker, the best dressed mayor



New York ever had, connived with Tammany Hall to get the job with the Transit Commission for the sole purpose of insuring himself a fat pension.

The New York pension system is quite a thing. All public servants, from mayor on down to third assistant street cleaner, are eligible to pensions when the time comes. The amount varies, being computed on the basis of years of service, the amount of wages drawn, and

such. During the years of service the public servants pay certain small sums into the pension pool. Mr. Walker's total contribution during about twenty years of public service was in the neighborhood of \$12,000.

A certain continuity of service is specified under the pension rules. By a very strange coincidence, Mr. Walker became special attorney to the Transit Commission less than two weeks before the expiration of the

By **PHIL ROMAN**

time limit under which he would have been barred from getting a pension.

Mr. Walker himself has said it was just a coincidence, but certain suspicious citizens allege that the former mayor's object was nothing less than a bald grab at a pension. These citizens have dared to charge that the former mayor—"Our Jimmy" he was once affectionately called—took the job so he could round out his public service for the records and become eligible for a life pension of approximately \$240 a week.

The Walker critics said the Transit Commission had no more need for a special attorney than a flea has for roller skates; and that if it did need such a man there were many who were better qualified than Mr. Walker. Besides, the Transit Commission already had one special attorney who gets \$25,000 a year, not to mention a staff of attorneys who may not be special but are none the less adequate, as attorneys go.

Mr. Walker, who in his younger days wrote the song, "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" burst with indignation as the foul insinuation of a "pension grab" echoed in the capitalistic press.

"Ridiculous!" he barked. "Preposterous!"

This vigorous refutation of the slander threw his critics back on their heels. They sputtered and panted, but they kept right

on insinuating that James was up to something smelly.

"He has only to go through the motions of serving the transit commission for a few months," his harrassers charged, "and then he can sit back on his Long Island farm and wait for the mailman to come around with his check."

"Tsk, tsks," replied the best good-time Charley mayor New York ever had. "I'd forgotten all about the pension. I'm just a fellow who wants to give my very all for dear old Gotham."

Those civilians who are always sniffing for dung on the shoes of their fellow-men could have learned something to their advantage if they had just taken a little trouble to inquire. They would have learned that James J. Walker is a *Commendatore* of the Order of Maurizio E. Lazzaro.

If you are lucky enough to be a *Commendatore* you don't have to worry about the groceries when you are grown old. By being a *Commendatore*, Mr. Walker is privileged to go to Rome when he is ninety years old and live for nothing on the bounty of a grateful Italy. Just what Italy is grateful for has never been very clear, as Mr. Walker is an Irishman from New York's lower East Side. Maybe Mussolini wants him to be a special attorney for the Rome transit commission in 1972. A. D. This, however, is pure conjecture.

People who say nasty things

about the one-time Boy Wonder of the New York Legislature forget the long years he perspired in the service of the Common Peepul. A state legislator has to spend about 40 days a year at Albany, battling against the vested interests. Mr. Walker battled with gusto, and many were the times he told the vested interests where to get off at.

But it was as mayor of New York from January 1, 1926, until September 1, 1931, that James J. Walker showed the boys and girls what he had on the ball. Those, as the boys over at Tony's will tell you, were the days!

Mr. Walker worked so hard as mayor that he had to leave town every few weeks to Get Away From It All. God knows what might have happened to his frail body if he had been obliged to slave six eight-hour days a week like the other six million New Yorkers. He most certainly would have had a nervous breakdown, and then New York would have been in a Helluva fix.

Some of the sourpusses holered to high Heaven that the place for a mayor was in the city of which he was the Big Shot. Nitwits that they were, they couldn't realize the terrific wear and tear on body and brain that the mayoralty requires.

"I will close every den of iniquity and drive every crook from the streets of New York," Walker announced. That took a lot of doing.

After eleven weeks of untiring

service, Mayor Walker was all fagged out. He dashed down to Atlantic City to recuperate. When he got back he remembered he had to make a speech in Cincinnati, so he dashed down there. The dashing to Atlantic City and Cincinnati was quite a strain, so he went to Florida to re-recuperate.

This didn't leave much time for him to drive every crook from the streets of New York. He even was obliged to miss several good prizefights at Madison Square Garden, not to mention dozens of parties; but not a word of complaint came from the lips of this Man of the People. He was willing to travel in stuffy Pullmans and to loll on Florida beaches in the hot sun if by so doing he were able to keep his strength up to normal.

Back from Miami, Mr. Walker suddenly realized that it was Kentucky Derby time in Louisville. Despite the traveling he had done already, he was not the type of man to dodge his plain duty to a hoss race; so he dashed down to Louisville, laughing and talking with the sporting crowd although very likely his heart was back in Manhattan closing the dens of iniquity and driving the crooks from the streets.

As to the terrific energy of the man, let it be remembered that the four weeks in Cuba was not enough to revitalize this human dynamo. Later in the same year

he journeyed to Europe, taking the waters at the Spa and beer at Berlin.

His critics, lacking appreciation of his genius, reproved him repeatedly for the frequency of his journeyings. The Socialist, McAlister Coleman, called Walker the "sixty percent mayor," explaining:

"Out of 805 working days of his term (this was in 1928), Walker spent 215 of them away from the city and more than 100 days in welcoming so-called distinguished visitors."

That gives you an insight into the type of criticism Mr. Walker had to contend with; people who begrudged a man a few days rest.

As for welcoming distinguished visitors, that was a field which James J. Walker developed into a super-colossal mayoral sideline. Mr. Walker, gregarious to a fault, was shaken to his foundations to learn that

people were arriving in New York almost every day without any fatted calves being killed in their honor. He determined to do something about it, even though it might detract somewhat from his drive to close every den of iniquity in New York. The drive, incidentally, got lost somewhere between election day and inauguration day. Mr. Walker felt—and quite rightly—that he could hardly be expected to spend his time chasing crooks while distinguished people were arriving practically unnoticed.

The welcomes given Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel, and Charles A. Lindbergh, who flew the Atlantic, will stand out to the end of time as masterpieces of civic greetings. Yet so short-lived are the memories of the people who wear their civic virtue on their sleeves, that these history-shattering contributions to the grand and noble art of Welcome are for-



gotten in the uproar over a piffling pension of \$240 a week.

Oh, the sorrow Mr. Walker suffered carrying on for dear old Gotham! Unkind people and civic organizations cried out that he was spending city monies like a drunken sailor. General James G. Harbord, a leading Republican, shouted:

"James Walker is the most expensive court jester that ever amused a sovereign people."

William H. Allen, director of the Institute for Public Service, said the Walker administration was marked by "prodigiously wasteful neglect, preventable delays, misspending, over-taxing, unfair assessing, encouragement of graft, and violation of the law."

Another fellow remarked that Walker had permitted the award of 332 contracts involving \$26,000,000 without competitive bidding.

During the investigation by Samuel Seabury into New York city affairs it was charged—and admitted by Mr. Walker—that he had realized \$242,692 from a brokerage account a friend had started for him and in which Mr. Walker hadn't invested a dime.

In the face of a smart deal like that, they had the nerve to say nasty things about Mr. Walker. As though anyone who could pyramid nothing into \$246,692 weren't pretty damned clever, if you ask me.

The evil-minded ones also

made much of the fact that Walker accepted a gift of \$25,000 worth of bonds in 1929 from a brokerage firm connected with a bus company that was seeking business from the city. They said such a thing smelled.

There was a lot of evil talk, too, about a man named Robert Sherwood, a \$3,000 a year man who served as sort of personal secretary to Mr. Walker. Testimony was adduced by the Seabury investigators that this man Sherwood had made deposits totaling \$700,000 between September 1, 1926, and August 5, 1931; and that \$472,000 of this had been in cash. The implication was pretty broad that this was a great deal more money than either Mr. Walker or Mr. Sherwood had earned during that period.

And how the mudslingers gloated over Mr. Walker's private life! He was philandering, they whispered, with a beautiful girl of the theatre, a Miss Betty Compton, young enough to have been his daughter. So what? Maybe Mr. Walker's wife didn't understand him. Maybe, after a busy day at the office, he yearned for the laughter and companionship of younger people. This is a free country.

The Seabury inquirers said that Mr. Walker had paid certain sums of money to Miss Compton during the course of their beautiful friendship, but just when they were prepared to subpoena the young lady for

questioning she dashed over to Europe where a subpoena is nothing to worry about. Later—when the mayor had resigned—Miss Compton returned and laughingly explained that the money in question had been paid her on a bet. This explanation must have made the mayor's accusers feel very much ashamed of themselves.

Mr. Walker and Miss Compton made their critics hang their heads in shame subsequently by marrying each other, Mr. Walker having been separated from the first Mrs. Walker by a Florida divorce.

The Seabury investigation meanwhile was bringing out some very unkind remarks about this handsome man who had worked himself up from the sidewalks of New York to the chair of mayor. Seabury called upon the governor—it was Franklin D. Roosevelt at the time—to kick Mr. Walker out of office. Mr. Roosevelt began an investigation; and while it was going on, Mr. Walker suddenly resigned.

Like the great Lindbergh, Mr. Walker was practically driven into exile. With Betty, who now was Mrs. Walker, he settled in England, half a mind to become a member of the landed gentry. After things had quieted down, he came back.

He's got his farm in Long Island. There in the cool of the evening, he may sit and ponder the world's ingratitude. Pedigreed dogs gambol about. High class vegetables abound nearby. Two beautiful babies bring balm to his politically bruised heart. They are adopted children. The Walkers went to Chicago to get them. Mr. Walker loves New York, but after what he's gone through, he prefers offspring from some other metropolis than his own.

The recent allegation that Mr. Walker was pulling a fast one when he got the transit commission job at 12 G a year cut him to the quick. Naturally, it costs money to live on a Long Island farm, support a family and raise pups. Mr. Walker feels, no doubt, that the people of New York expect him to live in a manner befitting an ex-mayor; and by cutting a few corners here and there he no doubt can eke out a livelihood on \$240 a week.

But if worse comes to worse, there is always the Road to Rome. *Commendatore* Walker can go there at the age of 90, assured of an Italian roof over his Irish-American head.

Mussolini, at least, will love him in December as New York loved him in May.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

As we go to press, there is a slight doubt that Mr. Walker will get his pension after all. Whatever the final verdict, we wish him well; we've always thought that he makes just about the ideal private citizen.



TED KEY

"Now, if you gentlemen will excuse me, I must report to the parole officer"

By RUSSELL HASTINGS



GONE *with the* WINDBAGS

*A modest proposal for the
extermination of Southerners*

WE ARE IN danger of becoming a nation of Southerners. The depressing prospect is not a result of "Gone With the Wind"; the success of that old masspicce was a manifestation of a blight already far advanced. People should come right out and speak about it in public. The United States Public Health Service should prepare charts and a campaign of education.

During four years, more or less, the spread of Southernness was limited by the active intervention of the United States Army. Upon the withdrawal of this *cordon sanitaire*, the disease began a two-way spread. The entire white, or passably white, population of the South moved

to the North. This may seem on the surface an exaggeration, yet when I tell you that I have met 50,000 Southerners at one cocktail party in a two-room apartment, and that there are at least 325,000 on the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune* alone, you can see that something must have happened. I should be tempted to say that twice the population of the South must have moved to the North, but this is inherently improbable. Arrived in their new homes, the Southerners resisted assimilation with the tenacity of Skoptsi, or Old-Rite Mennonites. Their children and grandchildren remained Southerners. Everybody their children and grandchildren married became a South-

EDITOR'S NOTE:

For pretty obvious reasons Mr. Hastings' address will not be given to anyone who phones in and asks: "W'heah-ell's dat ruh at?" and all gifts of poisoned corn likker will be ceremoniously dumped into the East River. However, the editors, who are all Southerners themselves, will welcome rebuttals.



erner. Their ranks were further swollen by all girls who attended schools in which there were any Southern girls (first, second, and third generation) and everybody who saw the *Birth of a Nation* and thought it was wrong for Lillian Gish to be raped by a negro. Like the Sephardic Jews, who since their exile from Spain have retained as their language an exceptionally pure form of Old Castilian, the Southerners in the North have cherished as an heirloom the confused arrangement of sounds which according to their story passed as language in the Army of Northern Virginia. This apparently Dahomeyan dialect had been previously preserved among the mountains of Kentucky by guys who got it straight from Shakespeare, according to the same story. As a kid I once mentioned that it sounded like colored people's talk, but my mother handed me a slap on the ear. She said that I should never let such foolishness come to the ear of Mrs. Rosenberger, our Southern neighbor. (Mrs. Rosenberg-

er's old man had peddled corsets for two years in Freeman, Ga., during Cleveland's administration.)

When the pianist in the old movie house on West Eighty-second Street played "Dixie," the joint would echo with applause. That was twenty-five years

ago. After the first time I saw the "Birth of a Nation" I gave young Fritzie Rosenberger my orange chocolate bar, because I felt so sorry the North had won the Civil War. The Spirit of the South moved from house to house, like a visitation of bed bugs.

Concomitant with this invasion of the North by the South there was an influx of Northerners into the region apparently deserted by the first-crop Dixie boys. But, whereas Southerners who came North remained Southerners, it seems that any Northerner who spends as much as twenty-five minutes South of Cape May, N. J., begins to generate hot Southern blood, slipshod habits of speech and delusion of identification with Robert E. Lee.

I once knew a guy who got a job selling coated paper for a factory near Asheville, N. C. This guy's territory was up in Minnesota, but at the end of a year he gave me "youall"—and he had never even visited the home office. It was a spiritual

transmission of the infection. Actual blood ties with the romantic past have nothing to do with it. There is a woman I know whose old man had a notions store in Birmingham, Ala., where she happened to be born. The family came North when she was six years old. Last week she told me that her blood boiled whenever she thought about the Civil War. Birmingham wasn't even settled until 1871, and that woman's ancestors were in the Ukraine then. Then she said that in all the years she had been in the North she had never seen a happy negro. It was the pride of a Boston family I knew that the grandfather had had a letter from Lee. The old boy was still living, although they kept him in the back-ground, but I met him one day and he told me he had been a peddler in the South when the war broke out and Lee had given him a pass to get back to the North with. The family morale for seventy years had been based on that "letter." They were "Southerners."

If all Southerners who come North remain Southerners, and all Northerners who go South become Southerners, it is pretty obvious that, with the years and the increase in North-South travel, the population of the United States will soon consist entirely of Southerners and (God help us) Californians. The trains which haul multitudes of retired buttonhole makers from

President Street in Brooklyn to Miami, Fla., every December, come tootling back in April with cargoes of Southern colonels.

Southerners take the business of being Southerners seriously. They believe in it. Coming back from Washington a couple of weeks ago I sat in the club car with a pink-cheeked young man who was talking about Tarheels. Now "Tarheel" in my mind had always been a purely journalistic term for residents of North Carolina, like "Gothamites" for New Yorkers. I never heard a New Yorker say "we Gothamites." I never heard anybody say "Gothamites." I wouldn't know how to pronounce it. But this young man was talking about "Tarheels." "One thing about us Tarheels," he said, "we may get tight at night, but in the morning we get out and take some exercise and sweat the liquor out." He was drinking Coca-Cola from a bottle. "Up in New York, a man thinks he's had some exercise when he reads the sports section of the *Times*."

Southerners are incapable of self-criticism. The kid never thought for a moment that it looked unconvincing to talk about drinking habits while sucking on a bottle of pop. He didn't hesitate to shoot his mouth off about the inferiority of Northerners, although he was talking at one; he was completely hypnotized by his concept of himself as a dashing, romantic, cute, hard-drinking Tarheel.

Above all he thought he was an embodiment of irresistible charm. Southerners always start off by saying two or three inane things and smiling widely. If the stranger addressed does not seem to like them very much, they sulk. They say "People ahn't fraindly up hyah the way they-all ah back home. They sho' ain't."

One of the great mystifications of the South is Southern cooking. Commercial travelers unanimsously loathe territories in the South, because they contract indigestion and die. The Southerners have one answer to their complaints, or to those of anybody who has had to stop in a Southern hotel.

"The good cooking in the South is in the *homes*," they say. It is impossible to get any good Southern cooking in the North, because, it appears, this art is like one of those delicate wines that will not travel. And the Southerners you meet can never invite you to *their* Southern homes to enjoy it, because they have no Southern homes. They live in kitchenette flops in Tudor City.

Another fake is the mint julep.

Southerners, by ancestry, adoption, or literary affinity, get drunk arguing about whether you put any water in a julep, whether you crush or steep the mint, whether it should be served in a silver cup or a glass. The drink is a complete fraud. Anybody knows that good whiskey tastes fine. Good whiskey tastes a lot better than mint.

Mint reminds me of chewing gum. Keep that garbage out of it. This is common sense. It is obvious then that the julep is merely a medium for fobbing off bad whiskey on one's guests—a stage-setting for the usual Southern penury.

A favorite topic of discussion with New York Southerners, and, they assume, with anybody else in a

radius of two blocks (Southerners always shout) is regionalism. Within the South, of course. There was a time, I understand, when most Southerners said they came from Virginia, but it got so that nobody believed it anyway, so now they talk about the DEEP South. They never say the south South, or downtown, which is the way a New Yorker would express it, but the DEEP South. One will say "Mah kin ah funn the REALLY Deep



South." The other one will say "Mahn ah fum the DEEP DEEP South." A third heel will tune in with three DEEPs, which practically moves him out into the Gulf of Mexico. They do not seem to understand that if Southness were an asset, none of them could compete with a Guatemalan.

Then they talk about regional accents. I once reported to a Southern couple here, who have pretty nearly lived it down, however, that the natives of Rockville, Maryland, say "Good-baa-ee." The wife immediately said, "Oh, down home, they say 'Good-bah.'" The husband said "No, Honey, they say 'G'bah-uh.'" What I had wanted to know was why the Marylanders didn't say "Good-bye."

A sane person (that is, a New Yorker) who has given the problem any thought, must wonder why it is popular to be a Southerner. The answer:

1. The Southerner of tradition is charming. Everybody likes to consider himself charming.

2. The Southerner of tradition is lazy. Damned near everybody is lazy, and would like to consider his laziness a part of his charm.

3. The Southerner of tradition is courageous. Everybody likes to feel and talk courageous. City life offers few opportunities to demonstrate courage.

4. The Southerner of tradition (or fact) never thinks anything through. Nobody likes to think anything through.

5. The notion of a lost paradise, Eden, the mother's womb, in which life was pleasant and effortless, has a tremendous attraction. The South of Befodewah has assumed this character now, because it is gone.

Therefore, millions of Americans fall for the Southern gag, and after three drinks they talk like Amos 'n' Andy and start hollering about the DEEP South.

I hereby page Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States. I think he should prepare charts, because Southerners are spreading.

In addition to the South, Mr. Hostings has very strong feelings about the inhabitants of other sections of the United States. For example, he feels that native New Yorkers, of which he is one, are a much-maligned group, and 'in next month's FOR MEN ONLY will attempt to correct the impression prevalent outside of New York that the native-born sons and daughters are a species of zombie.



ERIC GODAL

*"Forget Oscar Toodie the girdle tycoon and think of
Oscar Toodie the lover"*



NED HILTON

"I understand they do it to improve their posture"



JOHN RUGE

"May I present Mrs. Bentley-Smythe and my son, William, Jr."



GERALD GREEN

*"It's an invitation to the captain's table, ma'am, and watch your step;
he's a sexy old blighter"*

Statesmen's SERAGLIO

*Mahogany Hall—
for famous men only*

TO MAKE WAY for a new government building in Washington, house wreckers recently tore down Mahogany Hall, relic of a sporting era that began shortly after the War Between the States, came to full bloom in the Gay Nineties, and closed in the administration of Woodrow Wilson.

Temporarily, the site of this old bordello is now used as space where employees of Jim Farley's Post Office and Uncle Dan Roper's Department of Commerce leave their cars during the day's work for Uncle Sam. Exceedingly fitting this, for the great and near-great once parked themselves hereabouts while they awaited the girls

—high yallers, octoroons, deep reddish browns, and brownish tans; natives of all the nations.

In those days, incidentally, temptresses left more to the imagination than current striptease artists. Charms were un-

veiled only in the perfumed precincts of the boudoir. Some of these women were gorgeous. The most beautiful in America. So say the connoisseurs.

Of a night, when they came into the parlor these sirens wore lovely evening gowns—formal attire, in the style of the stage beauty, Lillian Russell. Most of them were shaped like this popular star. As one old timer describes them: "Slim of waist and broad



of hips. Why, sir, you could encompass any one of their waists with the fingers and thumbs of your two hands—and their bottoms were so broad, sir, they wouldn't fit into old-fashioned wash tubs." Those nether boundaries gave rise to the descriptive term, broads—for women.

It was an old red brick house in which they lived. It stood like a broken-down baronial hall, on the west side of Thirteenth Street between D and Ohio Avenue—just a stone's throw from a one-story frame building known as Bethany Chapel. Thus, while hilarity cried aloud to high heaven on one side of the Avenue, on the other, a frenzied minister stood in a pulpit before a meager congregation of outcasts and raised hell.

Occasionally, the reverend gentleman conducted revival services along the highways and byways of what was then known as The Division, where Mahogany Hall was the center of attraction. The Division was located south of historic Pennsylvania Avenue, just a few blocks east of the White House. History has it that General Hooker camped his men on that site when the Army of the Potomac came to the defense of Washington. Afterwards, the spot was called Hooker's Division—a red light district—and all the women who dwelt there

were finally known as Hookers.

High old times were the order of the night in The Division, and Mahogany Hall set the pace. Brownstone steps led to the entranceway, flanked on either side by polished mahogany walls and a red light overhead. The vestibule sported an oriental lamp, gift of an Egyptian ambassador. The door was chained on the inside. Only the select could enter: Senators, representatives, members of the diplomatic corps, millionaires from out-of-town, properly introduced, playboys down from the metropolis, musicians, writers, artists. Occasionally, a newspaper man found his way there to get a story. This was before the day of the hand-out in Washington.

Some of the old rounders even



took up residence there. One of President Cleveland's appointees from the Dakotas came to town, met with the politicians, and asked where he might get a good place to room:

"Mahogany Hall," they told him, as a man.

So he ordered a low-neck hack, threw his baggage aboard, and directed the driver to find the place.

"I'm So and So from the West," he told the madam, showed her his portfolio, "and I want the best room in the house."

She showed it to him: "And now," she said, "what kind of a girl do you want?"

It was news to him, but when he went into the parlor and looked 'em over they looked so good that he remained a guest of the house until the close of the administration—when the damn Republicans threw him and other Deserving Democrats out on the bricks.

As a member of the administration, this western statesman entertained many of his colleagues at his established residence. So that Mahogany Hall came to be a clearing house for political gossip. Even members of the various cabinets were callers. The wife of one of the outstanding Secretaries of the Treasury, whenever he failed to come home before midnight, usually had him paged at Mahogany Hall—for all the good that did.

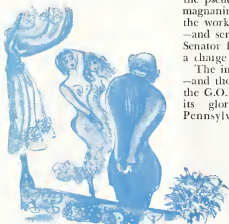
The Secretary and his friends would guffaw at this, order another round of drinks, watch the dancing girls put on another act, and go home along about what they called the shank of the evening—about 2 A.M.

Never was there such music as that at Mahogany Hall. It was said, and still is believed to be, the birthplace of jazz. Southern statesmen who called for old plantation melodies, whipped to faster tempo, are really responsible. The professor "ragged it"—and out of ragtime came jazz, southern melodies on fire.

Strange, too, that so many southerners should have made this their headquarters, what with all the antipathy to color—but that is the glowing tribute to a place whose landlady was once described by a social worker as "worthy to grace the drawing room of any aristocratic home."

That was the key-note, too, of Mahogany Hall—charm. Otherwise, it would never have drawn such a select clientele. Only once in a great while were raucous parties staged, usually at inauguration time.

In one inaugural period a Senator from Pennsylvania had a dastardly trick played on him; wittingly or unwittingly, no one ever knew. It seems he had a "double" back in his own home state, a man who closely resembled the Senator. The Senator's "double" came to town with a political club to celebrate



the inauguration in real style.

"Let's go down to Mahogany Hall, boys," one of the club members suggested.

All hands barged on the three-story red-brick house, the Senator's "double" in the lead. He rang the bell. The door opened. The girl who answered, mistaking him for the real article, threw her arms around his neck and shouted in glee, "Everybody downstairs! Here's the Senator!"

Members of the political club prodded their leader, the Senator's double: "They think you're the Senator," one of them said, "Kid 'em along!" And that is just what happened.

When the girls breezed into the parlor, and the professor had

started to work on the piano, the pseudo-Senator said, with a magnanimous gesture: "Give 'em the works! Whatever they want—and send to bill to me." The Senator from Pennsylvania had a charge account.

The inaugural festivities over—and those were the days when the G.O.P. was in the height of its glory—the Senator from Pennsylvania received his monthly statement. He hit the ceiling when he saw the itemized list for entertainment. The sum total was \$5,200.

"Great God!" the Senator exclaimed. "Wholesale whoring! Who in hell ran up that bill?" He grabbed his hat, called for his carriage, and drove over to investigate.

"Why, Senator!" the madam remonstrated, "Don't you even remember your guests from Philadelphia?"

No, the Senator could not remember—and he started to get tough as only the Senator could. Refused to pay the bill. Threatened to put the place out of business. A feud developed between these two—the Senator and the madam. It went on for quite a while, until the Senator began to lose weight from worry. He was afraid of blackmail, for it had been gently hinted that something dreadful might hap-



pen if one of the wealthiest men in the United States Senate refused to pay his bill, referred to as "a measly \$5,200."

When the Senator finally came to settle, he showed plainly the effects of the strain. A big man, he had lost considerable weight.

"You've fallen off quite a bit," the madam remarked, ordered a bottle of champagne, and accepted the Senator's good old coin of the Treasury.

The madam ordered another bottle of champagne and wrote out a receipt in full. She had come to the point where she wanted cash whenever possible—for she had experienced difficulties with checks, of various sorts. Mostly, her grief came from a series of pink slips given her by a certain statesman whose name is in all the history books. That was long ago.

This statesman was a liberal

spender—and he always paid by checks. They were good, too; but toward the end of his career the bank account had dwindled. His bankers became fearful, especially of the tribute paid at Mahogany Hall. So they made a deal with their client:

"Here," said the president of the bank, the glint of his glass eye shining, "we've got to do something about this Mahogany Hall business—to avert financial disaster. You're liable to get drunk some night and wreck the bank. Take this check book—all its pages are pink. Your regular checks, as usual, will be on white paper. Whenever one of these pink slips comes in, we won't honor it." And they didn't. Many a pink slip bounced back on the madam who thereupon became cautious of checks. She put up a sign: *Check your cash here, but cash your checks at the bank.*

Mahogany Hall up to the last was on a cash and carry basis. They carried their cash in and their hang-overs out—and the hang-overs were gorgeous. Up-town was a 12 o'clock closing hour and the boys had usually visited all the restaurants and saloons they could make before that time. When, in the old Raleigh Hotel, where The Bishop tended bar, the old gentleman stepped from behind the mahogany, pointed to the clock and said, "Gentlemen, the law," they bade him good-night as he closed the doors and straightway

went across Pennsylvania Avenue—where the sky was the limit.

With Harvey's closed, Hancock's closed, Shoemaker's and all the celebrated taverns closed for the night, the sessions began in Mahogany Hall. There went the bon vivants from the higher walks of life. Celebrities, world-famous men were the patrons:

Whenever the girls got themselves steady, regular customers they were fixed for life—or thought they were. One of the youngsters picked herself a colonel from the General Staff and almost disrupted the War Department. They could never find the Colonel. Whenever he arrived at his regular destination, whoever opened the door yelled, upstairs, "Hey Myrtle, your Colonel's here!" It became a by-word. Until the Colonel became a General.

Even then, he kept up his attendance at Mahogany Hall. One evening, while Myrtle was expecting her General, a coal wagon with shute attachment stopped to deliver a load of coal. A member of the diplomatic corps was in the parlor. The driver of the wagon let the load of coal down the shute, a sound like someone stripping a tin roof off a house.

"What's that?" the diplomat yelled, and ran for cover.

"That's Myrtle's Colonel falling off his horse," one of the girls said, to pacify the excited man.

When the General finally ar-

rived, he had an Admiral on each arm—home on leave.

"Glad to be aboard," they said, and distributed trinkets from their latest cruise.

Some senators began to roll in and join the party. It lasted for days. Finally it broke up because the United States Senate was in a deadlock, and the leaders needed votes to put through a bill. Search of Washington failed to find the delinquents. The Sergeant-at-Arms had combed the town. Finally, the Vice-President of the United States, presiding, hit upon an idea: Try Mahogany Hall. And there they found the recalcitrants in the midst of a bacchanalian revel.

It was like that, quite often, in Washington. With the fate of the nation hanging in the balance, many a time Mahogany Hall came to the rescue. If the Senators were unable to go to the capitol, the party whips met them on their own grounds. In fact, it is on record that a representative who later became President of the United States one day entered the portals of Mahogany Hall and went into conference with an important legislative mind drafting a bill destined to change the course of the Ship of State. With him, at the time, were all the committee notes. Though he was too far gone to get out of the house, and having too good a time with the girls, he was sober enough to put pen and ink to paper and make a rough draft of the proposed



W. von Riesen

WILLIAM VON RIESEN

"My heavy sugar could show him how to bring her to tow"

measure. Afterwards, it passed the Senate.

Scenes like that were often enacted, for Mahogany Hall was the carefree playground of the nation's solons who took their fun where they found it. They liked to look upon the wine when it was red, they liked the girls in or out of their gorgeous gowns, they liked the swing of the old professors who tore the heart out of syncopation and introduced a new tempo.

And now the old place is gone. Old timers almost cry when you mention the name, Mahogany Hall. They have a certain reverence for it, but they are loath to admit—in public—that they were ever there. Occasionally you'll get one to admit, "Oh, yes, I heard of it—years ago—but I only saw it in passing."

No one yet has been able to recall the name of the Madam—though she was as well known as her establishment. She's probably a white horse now, for all entertained by her girls were taught the belief that those women who lived in Mahogany Hall would, when they came to die, turn into white horses. That was one of the Mahogany Hall traditions.

The madam always stood up for her girls. She treated them as if they were her own. Too, she demanded a certain amount of refinement, patterning them after herself. Even when the

death knell of Mahogany Hall was sounded by the Kenyon Bill, which closed Hooker's Division, the madam remained elegant to the last. She could afford not to lose her poise; for she had amassed a fortune. On the day Mahogany Hall shut its doors for all time, some curious-minded social workers called to see her. She received them in the stately old deserted parlor.

"What can I do for you?" she asked the thin-lipped, middle-aged women who had come to interview her.

"We want to know what's to become of these girls?" the spokeswoman said.

"I think they'll be able to stand on their own legs," the madam replied. "Some of them undoubtedly will get married. Others will continue to carry on their art, unless the profession is ruined by amateurs . . ."

"And what about the men who patronized your place?" the woman asked. "We understand they come from all walks of life. Would it be possible to get their names and addresses?"

The madam smiled: "If you come back tomorrow," she said, "I'll give you a complete list of my clientele."

Next day, when the inquisitive ladies kept their appointment, the madam handed them a package. Opened, it contained a copy of "Who's Who in America."



RACKETY HACKS

*Taxi, mister, with a quick
going-over on the side?*

JAKE COULD have sworn this fare was Park Avenue stuff—top hat and tails, and a glittering cane with which he flagged him down in front of the Plaza. With a few more under his belt he'd have been lush enough to roll. It was around three in the morning, and Jake hoped this'd be a bundle-up—a lucrative roll to Brooklyn or Long Island.

But it wasn't—just a bar in the Village, and an up-and-up one at that, run by a sap who didn't see the percentage in clipping a

guy and then splitting with the steccer. On the way down, Jake tried to sell the fare a bill of goods on a place where he had just such an understanding with the management. But the yap was determined—he was going to Carey's, that was all there was to it.

"I have to cash a check there," he said, and his words planted the suspicion in Jake's bean that he was riding a phony—either a smoothie who thought he'd pull a fast one, or one of those com-

mon psychopaths who just did it for the ride. He might be wrong, but he'd make pretty damned sure. He knew Carey's had an entrance on Seventh Avenue and another around the corner, so when he pulled up at the main door and the fare said he'd have to go in and cash the check to pay him, Jake let him go and shot around the corner—just in case. He put on his sunglasses and cap, pulled down on his forehead, and, sure enough, the phony came out on that side.

"Taxi, Mister?" Jake called out casually. The rat was tight enough so he might not recognize him; in any case Jake had him cornered now. And damned if he didn't climb in just as though he'd never seen Jake before, and give him a Brooklyn address. That was all right by Jake, because it gave him an excuse for getting down around the foot of the Williamsburg Bridge. But instead of going over it, he scooted beneath its ramparts, and there hauled the nut out of the cab and gave him his lumps with a monkey-wrench. He left him in his underwear, unconscious and all but unrecognizable.

It was not an unprofitable transaction for Jake, because the clothes—there wasn't a dime in the pockets—could be hocked for a ten-spot and he had no one but himself to account to for the fare on the clock. If he'd been working for a fleet, he would have had to deliver the

goof to Bellevue and stand the loss himself, but for a long time now Jake has "horse-hired" his cabs—rented them from small, shady garages for from three dollars—for an antique "bucker's rig"—to six or seven for a sparkling "bandbox." Then, too, he had the sentimental satisfaction of a trip to the scene of his childhood.

Jake was born to toughness, which is to say poverty. In the lower East Side neighborhood where his old man ran a small second-hand furniture and moving business, the gentler attributes of a lad weren't given much opportunity to flower. Jake's first vocabulary was one part Yiddish, one part American, and two parts profanity, and his first nursery rhyme was "Cheese it, the cops!"

He's never quite overcome that early hostility to language and the law. For the last ten years he's been a freebooting hackie, a tough guy in a tough business, and before that he held his youthful ground as a truck-driver and moving-man. Jake couldn't see much point in ending up musclebound and ruptured like the other monkeys in the business, so when the rich Moscovitz's bought the first limousine in the district and offered him the job of chauffeur, he snapped it up. It was a twelve-hour grind, and included rent-collecting in the Moscovitz's tenements, delivering rush orders from their bridal-gown store,

and driving the family around when they wanted to impress the Ghetto. It was a good thing while it lasted, but it happened that Mrs. Moscovitz was on the passionate side of forty, that most of old man Moscovitz's energies were spent on money-grubbing, and that Jakie was a handsome boy who'd never taken much stock in the orthodox moral teachings of his parents. Jake made the social blunder of being discovered in the back seat of the limousine with Mrs. Moscovitz one night when the old man brought some business friends to the garage to inspect his proud possession.

With a shocking lack of gal-

lantry, Jake ducked out of the car and left Mrs. Moscovitz to make her own explanations, and the next day he was gone with the wind, not to mention the chauffeur's uniform.

While waiting for the Moscovitzes in front of the Folks' Theatre on Second Avenue, Jake had hit it up with the cabbies on the line, and, in casual conversation, learned a few of their trade secrets. Cab-driving was the logical thing for him to take up, and pretty soon he was reporting to one of the fleets every afternoon at four. With nearly twice as many drivers reporting for work as there were cabs, Jake figured that it made some sense to slip the dispatcher two or four bits every time he pulled out—or he might not pull out at all. By keeping hot after fares for twelve or thirteen hours a night, and staying on the square, you couldn't make much more than twenty dollars a week, on the basis of forty percent of the meter, and tips.

Driving a cab is hard enough when you do it on the level, as the vast majority of New York cabbies do these days; when you decide to play all the angles you find yourself in as arduous a career as any small-time pub-



lic enemy. Jake began with the milder deviations from strict legality. Being a "boathound" was pretty safe—hanging around the docks and picking up saps from the old country. The legend on the meter is generally Greek to them, and they're apt to hold out a sheaf of nice, new American money and let you take your pick. And unless a foreigner is sewed up for some hotel that's written in on his ticket, you can hustle him to a hostelry that'll give you a generous split on his bill.

That sort of "promoting" is fairly safe, and so is a little discreet "stick-up" riding. When the fare gets in, you forget to put the flag down, and at the journey's end you say, "Geez, I forgot to turn on the meter. But I've made this trip before and it usually comes to around a dollar." That way you don't pay the company any part of the bill, but if a conscientious cop spots the act, you lose your license and possibly your liberty. By keeping his eyes peeled, an alert cowboy can always slap the flag down the minute the law looms on the horizon.

"Steering" is a little more dangerous. You pick a chump who wants to paint the town red but doesn't know where to start, and you deliver him to a clip joint where his ready change changes hands at a fantastic clip. The steerer's cut is the same forty percent his company gives him on legitimate

transactions, and there seems to be some sort of honor in operation among these thieves that assures the steerer his just due. "Lobby guys," as the suckers are called, are found in profusion at conventions of businessmen and lodge members from the hinterlands, and there's many a red-letter day for Jake on the convention calendar.

There was the time—an all-time high in Jake's career—when he picked up a big-wig in front of the Astor late at night. He was having a vociferous argument with a bunch of bumptious stewards who wanted him to go up to bed, when he was all set to make a night of it, and he broke away from them and asked Jake to drive him to some lively place where everybody wasn't talking sleep. In ten garrulous minutes he told Jake his friends didn't think a man in his position should be seen drunk in public—he was a big-shot in politics, and had been addressing a trade convention on "The American Way," or something. But even a politician had a right to cut loose once in a while, didn't he? Jake agreed, and offered to do all he could to further the project.

Jake headed for Harlem through Central Park, until he perceived that his fare had passed out like a light, whereupon a better idea occurred to him. Turning into one of the darker, less frequented drives, he pulled up in an underpass

and tenderly lifted the lush out of the cab. Though he mumbled alcoholically, his eyes didn't open, and Jake deposited him on the sidewalk, relieved him of the contents of his pockets, and drove off, only regretting that the risk of being spotted by a police car prevented his acquiring the man's clothes as well. When he stopped under a light and examined his take, he found that it was some four hundred dollars—more money than he had ever held in his hand at one time. Later he looked over the papers he had removed with the wallet. Together they made up a testament of patronage and connivance that, if published, would put an abrupt termination to the victim's political popularity. So Jake wasn't surprised to see this notice in the *Lost and Found* columns a couple of days later:

Finder of pin-seal wallet initialed "X-Y-Z." is welcome to cash if he will return papers of purely personal value.

Jake sent back the papers in a plain sealed envelope, and considers that he gave the guy a break. After all, he points out, he could have blackmailed him for a few extra bucks—if he ever went in for anything raw like that. Was he worried about being hauled up for banditry? Not a bit. There was a chance that the doorman at the Astor or the man's pals might have remembered his face and the



sort of cab he drove—he was with a big fleet then—but even if he'd been caught dead to rights, he maintains he wouldn't have been a bit worried.

"What the hell?" he says. "I'd 'a' done six months on one foot and come out four centuries to the good."

Though Jake has been hauled up before the Hack Bureau on several occasions, and run perilously close to arrest more times than he can remember, he has never had his license revoked. It would be next to impossible for him to get another job with a big fleet, though, because he has been marked lousy on all their books—for accidents, drunkenness, and general unreliability. The companies keep a dossier on each driver they employ, and bad records are passed around from company to company, though this undercover blacklisting is not in the best legal form.

Sex is an agency that delivers a lot of suckers into Jake's custody, and they're not all chumps from the sticks, by any means. Jake knows all the hook-shops in town, from the fifty-cent joints in Harlem to the gilded seraglios where fifty dollars will buy little more than a hand-clasp. Taxi-drivers are probably asked to serve as guides along these primrose paths more often than any other class of servitors. If a cowboy doesn't respond with alacrity to such a request, it's for one of two reasons—he's strictly straight, or you look as though you might be a bull or a spotter for the company. Jake, with his horse-hired rig, doesn't have to worry about spotters, and he has yet to guess wrong about a dick. What's more, he can tell pretty nearly, even before you shamefacedly whisper your desires to him, what you're after and what you can pay for it. He gets a cut for any business he brings a place, and if you look particularly green he'll maintain there are no cat-houses this side of Jersey City, and thus add a fat "over-the-ocean" fare to the total. A confirmed bachelor, Jake takes out many of his commissions in trade.

Jake's breed is in some danger of extinction, what with a reform administration in City Hall, and prohibition just a rosy memory. The hey-day of the clip-joint has passed, and though there are still enough of them to afford an alert pirate a living,

the competition is keener and the public, 'after a bitter siege of Depression, warier. On top of this, the taxi business shows signs of administering a much-needed cleaning-up to itself. In the lean years, a great many people from other professions took out hack licenses and plied the trade during periods of seasonal unemployment in their own line, so that the average earnings of an honest hackie dwindled to ten or twelve dollars a week.

Unionization is getting a firm foothold in the industry, and while Jake scabbed during the bloody and abortive strike of two years ago, he's sobered down to the point where he might fall in this time.

But he doesn't know, and whenever anybody talks union he switches the conversation to something livelier, like the new crop of dames at Molly's house. He's a pretty hard-bitten guy, and a cynic, and right now you'll find him holding the fort with a couple of other pirates in front of a Village dive, when they're not cruising for lobby guys. Let an outsider try to muzzle in on their stand, and they'll give him "the sandwich," by wedging his cab between two of theirs, or, in desperate cases, "the needle," whereby a tire is slashed with a sharp bumper. They gossip and gamble and tell smoking stories and they'll chisel hell out of each other at sight of a fare.



"I'm sorry, sir, but the sign is only in reference to drinks"

I am a

MORNING PUTTERER

*The exacting business
of being a bachelor*

By LYON MEARSON

IF YOU DO your work at home instead of in an office, that is, if you are an artist, a writer, an inventor, a free-lance copy-writer, you need my course on puttering, though perhaps by the time you read this you will have perfected a system of your own.

I'd better start with an explanation, however. Puttering is anything that you do around the house that you don't really have to do, but which eats up time that might, dangerously, be given up to your work.

Perhaps I should have called this article, "I am a Fugitive From an Alarm Clock," because I think the real reason I became a writer was that I hated to get up in the early morning. Many a man becomes a writer because he burns with something to say. I do not even simmer. I dislike writing. It is a slavery worse than anything you might have escaped from. Not that there's anything else I

would rather do than write.

I know a great many professional writers, but I know none who likes the actual labor of putting down words on paper. And yet, if you don't do it—some of it every day—you suffer at night from the knowledge that you have not justified your sleeping late in the morning. The only people I know who like to write are amateurs and



people whose friends tell them that they ought to be authors because they write such wonderful letters.

For a while I worked regularly in the afternoons. Easy work that can be done at home in your spare time. Then it began to occur to me that I could really make this a delightful life if I only had some sense about it. I only wrote for three or four hours a day, anyway, and I thought how nice it would be if I got up early in the morning, finished my work, and then had all afternoon and evening to do with as I wotted. What I wotted was a life of leisure and pleasure, and the idea seemed flawless until it developed that in order to get up early in the morning one had to go to bed early at night. So that was out.

What usually happened was that no matter what time I arose it got to be about three o'clock before I could nerve myself to walk firmly to the typewriter, and if anyone tells you that laying words on end for a living is easy and delightful, tell him you have him in the earth, which is an Eastern prayer that needs practically no explanation. You may quote me.

Hating to write as I do (for "write" read whatever your own kind of work is), I used to get up rather late in the morning and do little things around the house, thus shoving into the distance that at length unshovable moment when I was supposed to

begin throwing my fingers at the keys. At first this elementary puttering did not take up too much time, because though I live alone I had a maid who came every day and did things for me.

When I realized that my full-time nubian slave was eating into my puttering I cut her time down ruthlessly, because nothing should stand between a man and his career. Now she only comes in two or three times a week, late in the afternoon when I'm likely to be through with my puttering, and gives the house a thorough cleaning in order to put it into decent shape to get dirty.

The first step toward successful puttering is, then, to get rid of your maid. It is best, too, to be a single man, though puttering can also be done if you have a wife. But only to a more limited extent, because it is a fact well known to science that wives don't like their husbands' puttering and often take steps to put an end to it. So, if you're married and have rid yourself of your maid, the ideal next step would be to get rid of your wife, in order to stop her from saying, "Will you stop puttering around the house and get to work?" I realize, however, that getting rid of one's wife may often present almost insurmountable complications, though there are men of courage and determination who have managed to accomplish it, so we'll forget that part of it while I explain to you how to

putter so that you have practically no time left for your work. These instructions, however, are for those who are living alone.

I leave out lingering over your bath and shaving, because these are elementary and every man is born with a knowledge of how to prolong them. That brings us to breakfast and the morning paper. You don't read your paper at breakfast, because that would save you time. Each putter, you learn early in the game, is a separate act, and no two should be done simultaneously.

Breakfast is a rite. You linger lovingly over the coffee pot so that the brew should be exact. No true coffee lover hurries such an important matter in order to get to his work. You butter your toast deliberately, not forgetting the corners. There is a growing tendency to neglect the corners of one's toast. This grows out of our mania for speed and still more speed, and is the cause of widespread heart trouble. You

eat slowly, trying not to think of your work. This should not be difficult.

Then you clean up the dishes, scrubbing them until they shine, and don't forget to clean the sink and shake out the breakfast cloth. Then you make the bed and put the bedroom to rights. I'm an orderly person, and I cannot work if the house is in disorder. A little dusting in the living room doesn't hurt, either. Goodness knows, you have no idea where all that dust comes from! Not that it isn't welcome to a putterer who has made good.

After that, the newspaper. You get the paper with the most pages and when you finish you're conversant with the news of the world. In the back of the paper are advertisements in small type, legal notices, auction sales, advertisements for bidders on public works, and classified help wanted. You learn that bonnaz operators are in demand



and that light-colored houseworkers get a break. You sit in thought for a long time, mulling over the injustice of man to (dark-colored) man, and it gets you practically nowhere, which is about where you set out to go.

By this time it's pretty late in the day, and you cast about for the odd and irregular jobs of puttering that come up in the course of every day, if only you have the wit to recognize them when they appear. Take the case of the vacuum cleaner man, for example. If you have a vacuum cleaner—I have four, myself—you're very likely to tell the visiting salesman to go away as you're not in the market.

But a puttering ace, like myself, never makes a mistake of this kind. The ace makes a proper show of reluctance about letting him come in to do a sample cleaning of the rug, taking care to relent before the salesman gets discouraged. I always get into an argument with them about the dirt in the rug. I got the hang of it the first time I ever let one of them lay a brush on my rug in anger.

When he unlimbered his machine and started on the rug he didn't say it looked as though it hadn't been cleaned for a long time. They're not using those tactics any more. He suggested that the rug looked as though I had been using some other make of vacuum cleaner on it. I said is there much dirt in it, and he shrugged his (left) shoulder in

well-bred doubt. But I could see he had his own thoughts about the matter. At that time I still felt a little uncomfortable when seeing other people work, so I left the room for a few minutes. I'm not so squeamish now, but that was before I could putter around the day in par. Now I realize that many people who work not only don't mind it, but even take a masochistic pleasure in it.

On this first occasion with the vacuum-cleaner man, when I returned to the room he was about finished. He had worked a rather impressive psychological trick. Instead of waiting until he was through and taking the dirt out of the bag in one pile to show me what my machine had left in the rug, he emptied the bag every two or three feet on the rug, leaving circles of dirt about nine inches in diameter and about an inch or two high at ten or twelve scattered spots.

I looked at the circles of heaped-up dirt, and the first emotion I had was one of pride that there should have been so much dirt in an apparently clean rug. I felt sure he didn't get a haul as good as that often, and I told him so. He did not seem impressed, but I found out later that he had played around in politics before he had become a vacuum-cleaner salesman, so dirt was neither a treat nor a novelty to him.

When he left finally, without selling me a machine, he prom-



JOHN RUGE

"Oh, dat—dat's me mudder"

ised to come again soon to clean the rug. I said I wasn't in the market for a cleaner and he ought not to waste his time on me, but he said he didn't mind because most people said they wasn't in the market for no cleaner, and any way it was a beautiful rug and it was a pity to let it get spoiled so he would come occasionally and I would be under no obligation to him at all, not a bit, except that I would have to buy a cleaner from him once in awhile, but nothing serious, you understand.

The Affair of the Good Quality Mouse also took up a bit of time, and was rather a notable achievement in puttering. I saw a very small mouse go scampering across the floor and I gave chase, more in good-natured interest than in anger, though of course the mouse could hardly have known that at the time. Apparently I had cut him off from his hole, so he went zig-zagging across the living room. I warmed to the chase, spurred on by thoughts of prisoners who had tamed mice and taught them tricks. I had read that teaching a mouse tricks takes a lot of time and patience, but I had both.

Unfortunately, I knocked over a lot of furniture in the chase—I'm so impetuous! The mouse, for some reason becoming suspicious of my intentions, finally



escaped me, and in a few minutes my neighbor from down below came up and wanted to know what the racket was all about. She's an exceedingly fussy woman who cares more about the fact that the plaster from her ceiling is coming down than whether her neighbor is happy or not. I told her I was doing calisthenics with a mouse, and after a while she went away.

She must have mentioned the matter to the landlord, because the next day three muscular men came up with mouse-traps, assorted cheeses, and poison powder. I asked them what they wanted, and they said they had come up to kill a mouse for me. I said it was a good-quality mouse, as anyone could tell, because he had been nibbling only at the manuscripts I intended to submit to the Atlantic Monthly and the Living Age, though I wasn't sure his delicate system could sustain the shock of such fare. A mouse's nervous system, I told them, is more delicate than that of a baby. They

were completely unsympathetic.

"Well, we'll attend to him for you, anyway," said the most evil-looking of the lot.

"But I don't want him killed," I said. "I only want him warned."

They said they were mouse-killers, not mouse -warners, and I said if they didn't like this country they could go back where they came from. This did not advance the discussion much, but it took up a lot of time, and then they went away and by that time it was too late for me to do any work at all that day except plan my next day's puttering, which made it a day well misspent.

Everyone, I suppose, is familiar with the technique of looking up a reference in the encyclopedia. You read everything on both sides of the item you were investigating, and this is very good for you because it gives you wonderful background and you become a well-informed man. It is to this habit that I owe my remarkable familiarity with "Iron, Methods of Welding" and "Scrofula, Little Known Cases Of." And though I shouldn't say this, there are few experts this side of Bombay who know more than I about, "Sakya Muni, the History Of." If you have time, after all this, you look up the reference you were supposed to be looking up in the first place, but this is not obligatory, and experts consider it a fielder's choice.

Thinking up appropriate re-

marks to be used in repartee eats up a lot of time and has the effect of keeping your mind sharpened and your wits in good working order. This is extremely good puttering because it's quite useless, as it's all predicated on this guy making the same remark he made to you last night, and it's a fact well known to scientists that they never make a crack in quite the form you need it. But my luck may break some time and this feller may again say to me, "You're over-looking the average intelligence," and if he does I'll thank my personal gods and come back, quick as a flash, "It's been my experience that the average intelligence is below the average." And the remark will be repeated, and after awhile they'll ascribe it to Dorothy Parker and I'll have to start all over again making a reputation as a wit of the town. But come to think of it, now that I've written it down, it isn't so hot, anyway, and Dorothy can have it.

I omit mention of such obvious puttering as marketing, straightening the pictures, falling in love, sitting at the window deep in thought, or calling up the electric light company to ask them to send a man to look at the meter because there must be something wrong. And, of course, the radio helps a lot, because not only does it take up time but you get so irritated at some of the things they broadcast that you find yourself un-

able to settle down to work that day, which entitles you to do neither work nor puttering until the next morning.

I realize I've only scratched the surface, but I've attempted to give you a few of the regular jobs of puttering, the opportunities that come along in a kind of rhythm. There are odd, extemporaneous putterings that come up unexpectedly and one who is skilled in the craft recognizes them when they appear and uses them to his best interests, and those are the ones that are of real use to you because the regular jobs only last, in general, until it's about time for you to get to work, but the accidental ones come up just in time, often, to do away entirely with any chance that you might have had to work that day. This is shoot-

ing under par, but it requires quick wits and a steady hand.

If you cannot get rid of your wife—and some of my clients have found it impossible, for one reason and another—the best thing for you is not to do your work at home. Once you transfer your scene of activities from your home to an office, your opportunities, what with conferences and luncheons, are almost unlimited, but the great drawback to this is that you lose your amateur standing as a putterer and you find you have to compete with the greatest and most expert putterer of them all, the American Business Man.

And, in parting, I wish to call to your attention the fact that one of the most effective forms of puttering is writing articles of this character.



"Pardon me, but aren't you Elmer Frentrup, the Crimson Ghost?"

The Right Time to Die



*If you want to live, better
die while you're on top*

THE RIGHT TIME to die is an important matter, it should be qualified in the beginning, only for the important man.

For the ordinary citizen or for a woman, little does it matter, outside the family circle, what time he or she may die, or in what manner; but for the man of name, fame and standing, the time and circumstance of death conspire to say how long that fame and name shall endure and if a chapter of it shall be engraved in the minds of remaining men as well as in standing marble.

It was the excellent fortune of Lincoln, Hamilton and Huey P. Long to die at the right time; it was the ill fortune of Woodrow Wilson to die at the wrong time; and it was the characteristic luck of Theodore Roose-

velt and Barnum to die at a time neither just right nor far wrong.

In common with the rest of the world, the United States today is cluttered with men for whom *the right time to die* has long since ungratefully passed them by. For such hapless victims of the march of time, the yellowing advance eulogies by the Associated Press and the neighborhood poet will demand considerable unimportant revision when belated death rolls in. A typical past victim of this gross injustice of the Grim Reaper was William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, Dayton and the Redpath circuit.

Quite the right time for Bryan to die was at the age of 36, in the midst of his first campaign for the presidency, when he was

By HILTON BUTLER

the greatest pre-radio idol ever known to American voters, including a good many of those who went ahead nevertheless and voted for Major McKinley.

If Bryan had died then or, better still, been the beneficiary of a death befitting a public man—assassination in a public place—old men today would have small boys on their knees telling them about the youth with the golden voice and the crown of thorns, a possessor of a larynx unmatched even by Franklin D., a man for whom there was waiting a rank alongside Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, "had not cruel death robbed the death."

Cruel, ungrateful death instead robbed Bryan of his right time to die; and The Great Commoner had to wind up as a sad-faced shadow of his '96 self, tramping over the country making Chatauqua speeches for so much in cash and cakes per night, finally dying at the scene of the hilarious Tennessee evolution trial, his last human effort being to swat a pesky house-fly, his last triumphant words, as reported by the non-tampering United Press: "Well, I got that one!"

A somewhat similar victim of our times was William Howard Taft. He was—be it said without malice and in considerable charity—by all standards and performances a somewhat ordinary White House occupant, as was, alas, but frank about it, Warren

Gamaliel Harding; yet Harding, by dying under dramatic circumstances in a San Francisco hotel suite, was called a martyr to overwork, including work in the little Green House on K Street, and got an enormous monument in Ohio at public expense; whereas Taft, winding up as an amiable, fat old fellow in the robes of Chief Justice, received in death only the sorrow of the day and a simple family stone.

As for the only current surviving ex-President of the United States, the Honorable 'erbert Hoover, hungry people abroad in 1919 elevated him to dignity and hungry people at home relegated him in 1932 to the ranks. It is too late, now, for him to enjoy a right time to die. He is marked and tagged for the fate of William Jennings Bryan and William Howard Taft.

Contemporary male holders of name and fame should consider the time and circumstance of the death of Brother Alexander Hamilton as a glorious and enviable example setter for the thesis of this article: that for the important man, there is a right time and manner in which to die. An example, I am sorry to report, that is not followed in these days when generals die in bed, alone; and public servants expire of simple senility instead of an assassin's bullet.

For each 100 percent (with or without Ku Kluxism) American who can discuss with acceptable intelligence Alexander

Hamilton's theory of conducting the finances of a government made up of several sovereign and/or states-rights states, a thousand others, with only a grammar school disciplined cerebellum, can recite every detail of his duel with Aaron Burr and will take you on for a fight as readily as Hamilton took Aaron if you assert that Colonel Hamilton was a moral coward for accepting an expert marksman's challenge.

What better death for the public man than upon the field of honor? With swords for two, coffee for the survivor?

Not alone for the public man, but what better death indeed for an outraged husband or a trapped lover?

Sad is the note upon the state of the union today that men be-

side us have outlawed death by pistol for two at dawn, soft arms for one that night, and have substituted a civilization that produces with ease 12 good men and true to acquit a gorilla of shooting a man in the back for \$75 and bail bond.

Renew the time and circumstance of Alexander Hamilton's first-rate death and, if you are a man of name and fame or more than precinct status, repair soberly to the secret of your closet, there to engage in prayer for a death as glorious and properly timed.

Woodrow Wilson's hour for death was at Versailles, or en route there on the George Washington, when his name was on the lips of a shell-shocked world as the nearest modern Man-God the people had ever, in frenzy,

hailed. If he had made his exit then, a whole world would have wept, probably including some of the homelander who later became the Irreconcilables.

Had Wilson died at the doors of Versailles, he would have gone down in history at the greatest civilian hero of the universe, almost ranking as high as Aviator Lindbergh. Unfortunately for his niche in time and memory, Wil-



son lived on, in loss of power, breaking of body and slower pace of mind; and died a "broken machine" in a year when people were hurrahing it up for W. G. Harding of Marion, Ohio, and talking about such a thing as "normalcy."

For the public man, whether he calls himself a statesman, a politician, Der Fuehrer or Il Duce, I repeat the thesis: time and circumstance of death are more powerful for a place in man's memory than the ballot box and its power, pelf and patronage; and the most fortunate death that such a man can enjoy—while the crowd still hails him palms up and not thumbs down or to the nose—is assassination.

For the military man, the right time to die is when the tide of a major battle has swung in his favor after fighting in which he has participated from a quarter closer than the GHQ. To go home and die of influenza resulting from playing nine holes of golf on a rainy afternoon is simple retribution for failure to die at the right time, in a place and manner befitting his station.

Unfortunately, this is a day of military strategy that handicaps a general from dying anywhere but in bed. His fighting is done chiefly with the pen and plush. He is guarded by aides who whisper "sh-h-h" as you enter and murmur "Call again" as you depart. The result is, that from the last good war, Pershing

is retired, writing retaliatory memoirs and making frequent Atlantic crossings for a touch of the olden glory, even if he has to get it now in knee-breeches; Foch spent his declining years laying wreaths and making bacalaureate addresses; Joffre was called "papa" and the Marne remembered as a river, not a battle; von Ludendorff degenerated into a petty politician, producing Hitler; and Paul von Hindenburg into an unhappy stooge for Corporal Adolph of Austria. The only famous fighter to lose his life in the world war, Lord Kitchener, drowned like a rat after a tactical blunder and a miserable exhibition of British military intelligence had put him on a doomed ship in a nest of mines.

Deaths at the post of duty for men who, if they know the right time to die, should seek such a circumstance of expiration, are so rare that they constitute Page One material, with one column art or two columns if no new bathing beauty picture has come in. Even an ordinary man may obtain a small 24-hour amount of belated fame by dying at the proper time and under circumstances befitting his occupation.

If a jockey is thrown and killed, he gets a double-column layout in all the sports editions and a wreath from track officials. If he goes home and dies in the bathroom from pie-wagon gastric ulcers, the best he gets is a

line under "Today's Deaths, Births and Marriages," unless his family can muster the cash for a paid verse "In Memoriam," or a sports editor, remembering a lucky tip, gives him two paragraphs in his Sunday column.

If a policeman is slammed into eternity by a faster-shooting possessor of a gun, the law and order committee calls on the mayor and the local press begins a subscription for a fund to be delivered to the widow of "this heroic public servant who died at the post of duty." Without that helpful time and circumstance of death, all that his exit would create—outside the family circle, creditors' row and the pension fund—would be a rush of applicants for his badge and gun and banana-plucking pre-rogatives.

If a minister of the gospel dies in the pulpit, it is Page One stuff for all the Monday papers, usually accompanied by an editorial signed by the publisher, whose wife was there; and written by an editorial hack who had spent Sunday in his Y. M. C. A. cell drunk on gin contributed by the night sergeant. If the minister dies at a denominational hospital from a long illness, induced in part by the malnutrition that his calling invites, he gets a small inside story, with a resolution from the Ministerial Association; and his widow probably will get \$300 a year,



in haphazard installments, from the Fund for Widows.

If deaths at post of duty, for a policeman, jockey or an obscure pastor, produce a monetary gulp in the national throat, and lead to movements for small markers to their memory, does not the man of importance, the man of name and fame, now reading these wise words, see the immovable necessity for dying only at the right time, and under befitting circumstances?

Unfortunately, simple or complicated suicide is not yet acceptable, outside Wall Street and Japan, as an honorable means of exit.

The important civil or military man, aware that the right time has come for him to die, must repair hastily to his closet, there to pray devoutly for a swift and deadly fever, or—more befitting for the more important—a kindly assassin's bullet.

The SEX LESS CINEMA

*Biography... phooey;
we want biology!*

By
**GILBERT
SELDES**

BETWEEN the announcements of Samuel Goldwyn and Will Hays, the future of the movies seems to be pretty well planned. Sam says technicolor and Will says grand opera. As an old lover of the movies, I beg the producers to remember their one-time friend, the big money-maker, the sure-fire element: Sex. I beg them to remember the good old days of "S.A." and "IT." Because technicolor may be all right, but "the passion between the sexes" (as Dr. Johnson defined love) is better; and there is as much sex appeal in grand opera as there is in a game between the New York Giants and the Detroit Tigers (World Series, at that).

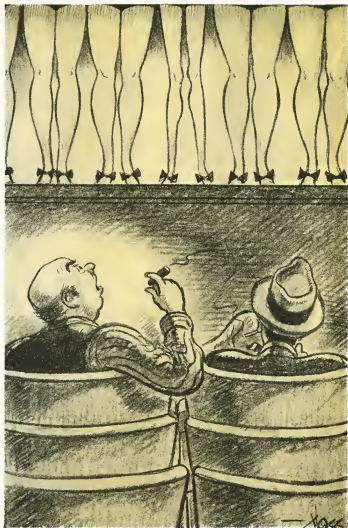
It seems to me that everything



the movies have done lately has been an effort to escape from simple love. It's no use telling me that Hollywood always injects a love story into the life of a scientist, the history of insurance brokers, or the record of the dust bowl. It does inject a peculiar substance which vaguely resembles what you and I know as love, but that substance is far from elemental. After a few years of being battered by censors and threatened with boycotts, Hollywood is sex-shy; and

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Mr. Selles, author of "The Seven Lively Arts," has lately been appointed Program Director of the Television Department of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and feels a certain spiritual kinship with the motion picture producers and their problems.



"I thought I fired you, Miss Spleen!"

AL HOSS

a pernicious propaganda has risen to suggest to the impressionable producers that the less sex they have in their pictures, the more "intellectual" they are. My counter-suggestion is that there never has been enough sex-appeal in the movies, that there aren't three women and two men on the screen today who have any actual power to convey the emotions associated with love, that Hollywood is giving in to three great enemies of Sex: spectacle, history, and wit; and that, therefore, the whole question has to be examined all over again, so that the movies can get back (or go forward) to a proper use of the fundamental human emotions before they get too luxurious and too petrified for average human pleasure.

I know that the loudest howl will go up over my statement that not half a dozen screen players of our time now have sex-appeal. I'll put it this way to save embarrassment: if they have it, they aren't given a chance to show it. I'll get around to details later.

The next cry of pain will come from the censorious who will point to the history of the movies as proof that the pictures have

been over-sexed, and that decent citizens have been outraged by the over-emphasis on Sex, and that the movies have, themselves, acknowledged their errors, and have adopted a code of decency. And I will still answer that the recipe in Hollywood has always ended with "of sex, a pinch," putting sex in the position of salt, a necessary ingredient, but not a staple.

There was an exception: the vamp pictures in the time of Theda Bara and Nita Naldi and a few other startling sirens. Those pictures were cranked at a different speed from ours, and a love scene went about as fast as a chase by the Keystone cops. How

passion transpired in these circumstances is hard to explain; but one fact stands out. The vamp pictures said a specific thing about sex, whether it was true or not: that the passion between the sexes was of such overwhelming power that men, the dopes, would sacrifice position, wealth, and even life for it. Now we know that on occasions, this is so; there have been lives wrecked for love, there have been suicides; and, one suspects, there have been women who gloried in their power to create these desperate situations, and



probably used an adding machine to count up the number of wrecks they had accomplished. The movies of those days were addicted to these special cases, because they were dramatic and full of action. The prim people who didn't like to admit that sex was any more important than salt, objected. So did the moralists who insisted that love wasn't always a catastrophe. So did the timid women who didn't want their husbands to get annoying ideas, and so did the men who had been around a bit and hadn't found the sleeky silken women out of French novels, who abounded on the screen.

Nevertheless, this phase of sex in the pictures had a certain honesty. The vamp pictures were a gross exaggeration, but they were an exaggeration of something real. From that time on, sex in the pictures was on the skids, because Hollywood, being forbidden to keep on saying the same thing, stopped saying anything important at all. IT and S.A. provided a new set of names for the passion, but Hollywood's own exemplars were cheerful little hoydens, athletic and merry, and not at all voluptuous, as the sirens, at least, had been.

This business of giving new names to forbidden topics is a good one, if you've got something real behind it. One of Goethe's contributions to civilized society was the name of "elective affinities" for those peo-

ple who felt they had to rush off together; and the second half of the phrase popped up again (just before the war, I think) as a more sedate forerunner of "boy friend" and "girl friend." Mr. Walter Winchell's "that way" and a hundred variations fulfil the same function, allowing us to say what we otherwise wouldn't dream of mentioning. Mrs. Glyn's IT was almost as valid, and twice as useful, as the psychoanalyst's ID. But the movie version of sex appeal, at that time, was a pretty tame affair.

Nonetheless, the big men in Hollywood thought they had found the precious element which turned all to gold. I can find not a trace of proof that they were right. The pictures with the biggest grosses at the box office were spectacles; when talk came in, they were either spectacles or musical shows, with the masterpieces of Chaplin sandwiched in. The great permanent names of the movies were not those of exploiters of sex: Pickford, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Marie Dressler, Shirley Temple—some of them reigned a long time, others broke all box office records. And Rin-tin-tin and Tom Mix's horse were enormously more profitable than Clara Bow. As for the men, the factual proof is that Valentino earned more money *before* he was famous as the idol of all woman-kind than he did after. *The Sheik*, with all its publicity as a

movie of passion, with Valentino at the crest of the wave after his success in *The Four Horsemen*, grossed about half as much as that super-spectacle did. In the long run, it is a fair bet that Marie Dressler would have pulled in more customers than Mae West; and Miss West, according to the latest estimates, isn't exactly crowding Miss Temple for first place.

What, then, was all the shootin' fer? I wouldn't be dogmatic about it, but I think I know. Hollywood had discovered exactly two manifestations of love: the flirtation between two extremely innocent, extremely young people of opposite sexes was one. To make drama out of it, you had to put an obstacle in the way of their love: poverty, the accusation of a crime, the snobbery of parents; or a great war. It didn't matter; something kept the boy and girl apart long enough to wring your heart, and something brought them together just in time to make your heart glad. On that style of sex-play, Hollywood had no worries. No censors objected. None could, because the element of sexual passion was entirely lacking. Presently Hollywood proved it by substituting something else for love. The boy wanted to be a great athlete and the girl an interior decorator. In each case, there was a shadow of the old-style love-story, but the great triumph came when ambition was satisfied. Getting

the boy or girl was no more important than getting the brass ring on the merry-go-round. It was velvet.

But in the more serious line Hollywood laid down a strange dictum: that passion is something which happens between a man and someone else's wife, or a woman and someone else's husband. Hollywood didn't quite say that sexual passion is immoral; but it did say, as emphatically as it could, that immorality was passionate. Between denying the element of passion to those who were legitimately married, and endowing with passion everyone who wasn't, Hollywood walked itself into a trap—from which it hasn't yet escaped.

You can see how that would be. Without a doubt there are people who hate to see any expression of the joy or power of the element of sexual love. But so long as it is kept within bounds, they can't do much about it. They haven't barred *The Song of Songs* (I mean Solomon's, not Sundermann's) from the mails. What they needed most of all was a convenient line of attack, and that is what Hollywood provided. Because for a man to desert his wife, and love another woman, is definitely against current morality. No matter how broadminded we become, we still think it's more "decent" for the wandering party to stop over in Reno before, or soon after, taking other



steps. That is our tribute to the old morality, and it isn't a bad one. Divorce has become respectable and two-timing has not.

Well, twenty years ago, when the movies were absorbing their ethical codes, the feeling against adultery was even stronger, and yet the movies saw no way of expressing passionate love without making it immoral. The singular fact that love is something that occurs between a man and a woman, who may even be married each to each, was not accepted. To be dramatic, Hollywood had to add sin to love; in the end, it seemed to make love itself sinful. And the censors bore down.

Between the time of Theda Bara and the time of Mae West, how did illicit love put itself over? The man engaged in such an affair (by the way, one

method of distinguishing the two kinds of love, sacred and profane, was to add an "e" to the ordinary "affairs" of men) — the man, I say, was always harassed, unhappy, a little furtive, afraid of his wife, extravagant in his gifts to his mistress, perpetually worried of a scandal, fearful that he wouldn't be elected governor. Sometimes he drank. Once in a great while he expressed a little real affection for the woman, telling her that she "understood" him; or he sighed a weary sigh and said that she rested him. And that, my friends, was supposed to be passion.

And the woman in the case? She was flashily dressed and her apartment was lavish (bear rugs in the old days, extravagantly modern furniture later on); she slunk (if that's a word, and if it isn't it ought to be) from divan to divan; she put her hands behind her head and leaned back on many pillows; in daring pictures, there was actually a bed. So far as could be ascertained by expert observers, she had no interest in life except the financial and social and political ruin of her lover. That she took any pleasure in their relationship was totally unheard of. It was doubtful whether she liked the man at all.

Such were the two characters "maddened by passion" who were supposed to be giving up the world for each other.



JOHN SUGE

"I love you, I love you, I love you!!"

Obviously the only real thing in this business was the immorality of the breaking of the marriage vow. Looking back, I can hardly recall five gestures, half a dozen looks, indicating that these principals in the mighty dramas of sex had even the faintest affection for one another.

You and I have seen people known to be in love: young people profoundly enchanted, so that they are unconscious of the world around them; men and women, the course of whose lives was altered by a sudden flaring up of passion. The presence of a pair of lovers in a room is a disruptive influence; you can't play bridge or talk politics or listen to the radio without being conscious of the fact of their love.

And you can ask yourself whether you have seen, more than twice a year, the faintest sign that any screen lovers really have any passion for each other. Once in a while you have seen them kiss—but kissing has become a mere symbol. In your own experience you have seen a woman come into a room and the next moment a man would become definitely surcharged with an almost electric power. You know that this man is in love with that woman. You see the same thing in the very tiny movements and gestures people make at the first sign of sexual interest. I remember once being introduced to the late Governor Floyd Olsen. Three women met

him at the same time. After Olsen left, the three women swayed slightly in the direction he had taken, and for the next quarter of an hour they were not interested in the men with them. They hadn't fallen in love, even; they were attracted by a powerful man with a great reputation as a lady-killer. Yet they showed more signs than you can see in six months of movie-love.

For obvious reasons the movies cannot emphasize that love is among other things a physical desire, like hunger or thirst. They can only give you polite hints. Mae West was a godsend to the pictures because she broadened the hint. The vamps of the old days had indicated that women take pleasure in "ruining" men, as proof of their own power; the IT-girls had shown that women like to romp around and tease men; in the middle-Garbo and early-Crawford era, the pictures showed that women preferred not to know what it was all about. Miss West's invitation to come up was a definite statement that women enjoyed the partnership of love.

Since her advent, the movies have made no interesting statements about sex. The great successful pictures are almost unsexed. They substitute adventure, historical spectacles, smart comedy, for the prime commodity of human relations. How these interfere with sex in the movies will have to be discussed in a separate bill of complaint.

SLAUGHTER in SALVADOR

By ROBERT
CARSE

*Six bulls butchered
for a woman's hand*



THE CAR WAS a big Maybach-Zeppelin and the lanky French chauffeur drove it very fast on the road North from San Salvador. Juan Ybarin dozed in the corner of the seat until the chauffeur skidded roaring through the high pass onto the cordillera. Then, far away, blue and immense in the sparkling light, he could see the mountains along the Gautemalan frontier, his own country.

Juan Ybarin relaxed and lit a cigarette. The car was turning from the main highway and between huge stone gates. This was the Sotemayos finca. Ceiba trees and hibiscus and cactus lined the road. Beyond stretched hundreds of acres of coffee and cacao plantations, then the pasturage where Don Alberto kept his blooded cattle and fighting

bulls. The coffee trees were in blossom; their scent was keen, sweet. It made Ybarin think of the perfume Dona Elena used and he smiled. He had expected when he met her that she would be as stiff-necked and cold as the rest of her family and caste. But he had discovered her to be warm, passionate, and daring. She had sought him out alone, thinking it an adventure to ride and dine with a bullfighter. He was almost in love with her, he knew.

A butler dressed in a gold-buttoned green coat and knee breeches took his bags. "Don Alberto is expecting you, señor," the butler said deferentially. "Would you please go in?"

Juan Ybarin nodded. He was staring at the house. The first Sotemayos in El Salvador had

built it, the man who had fought with Cortés and Pedro de Alvarado in the Conquest. The arms of Castille were over the door and the Sotemayos crest above that. A proud family, Juan Ybarin thought absently.

Down a long hall he came to the doorway of a room that was panelled with dark wood and where bronze and porcelain and vast pieces of mahogany furniture shone faintly. Don Alberto and Dona Elena's tall young brothers sat at the far end of the room. Juan Ybarin strode forward into the room to meet his heels and bow. "*Buenos, señores,*" he said.

"I hope you had a good trip from Bogota," Don Alberto said in a dry, precise voice. He was an extremely tall man, and very thin, with a narrow, high face and a vast beak of a nose. His eyes were small, and pale, but now they took an odd, bright light. "You know my nephews?" he asked. "Don Luis de Sotemayos, Don Federico, of the same name?"

Juan Ybarin bowed again. "May I enquire," he said, "as to the health of Dona Elena?"

"*Gracias,*" Don Alberto said. "She finds herself well. You will see her at luncheon. First, if you will allow us, my nephews and I have a few questions to ask you. . . . Just in what manner did you meet Dona Elena in Bogota?"

Juan Ybarin was beginning to tremble with a slow rage. There

was something about this precisely spoken old man and the immobile, expressionless attitudes of the two who flanked him that he did not like. They faced him now as they would a hated enemy. "I was presented to her in the President's box. But, why, *señores?* I had hoped that I would talk to you of bulls."

"We'll tell you why." It was young Don Luis who spoke, and Juan Ybarin noticed that the man held an automatic pistol in his jacket pocket. "You met Dona Elena in the company of her aunt, who was serving as her *duenna*. But after that first meeting you met Dona Elena alone at your hotel. She rode alone with you in your car, at night. The next day you rode with another woman, though—a common whore."

"*Por dios!*" Juan Ybarin laughed, looking at the pistol outline. "All that is a bull-fighter's privilege. The other woman was a French singer. Dona Elena will tell you—"

"Dona Elena has told us," the haggard old man said, leaning forward, his hands spread taut on his knees. "That is why we have brought you here. You think, Indio, a Sotemayor woman is made for the pleasure of a cheap *matador?*"

"I'm your guest," Juan Ybarin said, his rage prodding the words from him. Did you bring me here to insult me?"

"No." Don Alberto made a quick, quiet gay gesture. "You

are here to be taught a lesson. . . . This afternoon you will put on a little private bull-fight. We are all *aficionados*; we will appreciate what you can do. . . . They say, in the South, that you are a very good bull-fighter. How many of my *Miuras* could you face in an afternoon, and still live?"

A strange and harsh laughter from Juan Ybarin as he understood. "You want," he said, "to teach an *Indio* how to die. You run the country and make the law, but still you wouldn't shoot me if you could find any other way. . . . You want to pay me with your own bulls for the disgrace you think I've brought your family. So give me half a dozen bulls. No man has ever killed more than that in a *corrida*—not even the great Spanish fighters, *El Gallo* or *Juan Belmonte*. I tell you that because you're of Spanish blood, and because you're swine."

Don Alberto smiled as he poured rum from a decanter on a side table. He placed a glass in Juan Ybarin's hand, lifted his own. "To the bulls," he said. "May you have better luck with them than you

have with your women, *Indio*."

"To death, you mean," Juan Ybarin said, and laughed at him.

It was old Don Alberto's cruel and clever joke: he was a sacrifice to their tradition, another *Indio* for the torture. Once, he found *Dona Elena* looking at him, but her glance was veiled, very swift. She hated him now, he thought. In *Bogota* their time together had been a happy, gay escapade; here it meant terrible humiliation for her, and very probably death for him. He cursed her and himself under his breath, began to think of the bulls.

He met the bulls at three o'clock, in a sort of sandy, stone-walled corral behind the house. He wore clothes *Dona Elena's* brothers had offered him, coarse blue cotton drawers that came to his ankles, and a pair of crude

sandals. It was the typical *Indio* costume, and the *Sotemayos* people and their guests laughed when they saw him.

They sat above him at a level of about eight feet on a broad wooden balcony flanking a wall of the house. *Dona Elena* sat right at the railing, haggard and still, unable to take her eyes from him.



Juan Ybarin made a short sign to her and Don Alberto. "You will appreciate this better," he said in a quiet voice, "if I can have a *muleta* and a sword."

A servant pitched a faded red work cape, then a slender-bladed fighting sword down to the sand. "Remember, Indio," Don Alberto called. "Remember life."

Juan Ybarin did not reply, his body and senses set for the first bull. It was being shunted in with long poles. It was one of the real Miuras, of pure stock, black, swift, immense. The little eyes swept at once to catch him in their vision and the horns flung back, foam flecked from the glistening muzzle. Juan Ybarin stamped his foot, calling the bull, wanting to see him run. "*Olé, toro! Olé hijo!*"

His thought was all for the bull now. This was where he belonged. This was his life and the place where he had always expected to find death, before the bulls. He jeered and crooned and talked to the bull as it charged him with thundering rushes that shook the ground. He played it not for his life but for the absolute, elemental thrill of mastery it gave him.

He had no mounted *picador* to help with jabs of the lance, no men to set the barbs in the vast rolls of the neck muscles, bring the horns down so he could make his thrust at the one small, vital spot. Yet he got a satisfaction in that lack: the knowledge gave him a feeling of superb

and flawless skill he had never before experienced. He rolled and turned and spun the bull in a series of rushes and runs that sent it staggering finally to its knees.

He walked forward, his feet soundless on the sand. He held the red cape extended and the thin sword hidden beneath it. The bull rose, scenting and seeing him. He whirled it with a *media veronica*, then another, passes that wrapped the cape tight about his body and left a gash through the shoulder of his shirt where the bull's horn had ripped. He took the bull in close to the wall, as close to the balcony as he could get, stood between it and the wall. Right there he killed it, from the position known as *à voliapé*, fully facing the bull, not moving at all until the bull lunged.

He rested panting for maybe a minute against the wall while the *vacqueros* dragged out the bull with a pair of mules. Its blood tracked the sand and he marked a place with the sole of his sandal, killed the next one exactly there. He was quicker with that one, buoyed tremendously by his sense of mastery. In the minute of rest he had been given time to be made aware of the people on the balcony. They were the enemies of all his race. He was here to be mocked and killed as a fool and coward. If he won and lived here his success would be such as none he had ever had anywhere else.

These people confidently counted upon and dreamed of his death. They expected his nerves to break, his strength to go from him, and then for one of the black Murras to toss and trample and tear him like a child's doll. He smiled at that thought, was still smiling when they brought out the third bull.

It was bigger than the other two, smarter. He was nearly gored before he found that out. The sand was ruffled by the constant charging; he tripped, went to his knees, saved himself only by hurling the cape up over the beast's horns and eyes.

A harsh kind of cry came from the people on the balcony then; in that instant they had expected him to die. He rose and went at the bull with a dancer's steps, swept away the cape. He took the bull toward the wall and positioned himself there. It charged and he spun left, up on his toes, the cape out. The sweeping horns pierced the cape, shattered against the wall. The bull lopped fiercely around, seeking him, the horn points broken, ragged. He swayed in between them, and out, the cloak low across his body to the left as he made the kill.

Fatigue began to tighten through his legs after that, make him light-headed and vague. He had no clear memory of killing the fourth and fifth bulls. He remembered them as shapes like those in a nightmare. How he killed them he was not sure, but



blood, his own blood, ran down his thighs into the sandals and he slipped and limped as he walked.

He stared up at the distant mountains while he waited for them to bring in the sixth bull. They seemed unreal, part of a dream he could not remember clearly. He lowered his head and shut his eyes, slouched against the wall until he heard the entrance of the bull.

He fought it through a swirled grayish fog of utter exhaustion. He was tossed by it once and fell, scrambled up and got away just in time. Then he tried to kill it, aware that he could not last many minutes more. He profiled the sword and his body, went in clean and swiftly. All along his arm to his brain he felt the shock as the sword point struck bone between the massive shoulder blades.



GREGG DUNCAN

"She's giving us the eye now—I'll toss you over there and you get her phone number."

The sword twisted out of his hand, caromed high.

He heard it crash with a twanging sound against the house wall, and following it the maddened, driving passage of the bull, climbing the corral fence, towards the house wall. It was up, over, and making tremendous, repeated leaps at the balcony. The people there screamed and tried to get back into the house. Under their weight and the crashing thrusts of the bull the wooden structure bent and gave, spilling them down one by one as they clung to each other and the railings.

Juan Ybarin jumped the wall. He shoved them from him and back, came upon the bull from behind. The sword was a yard away, where he could not reach it. He set himself with a violent outburst of the last of his strength, grasped the slick curving of the horns and wrenched aside. The bull's head turned, and the black, heaving body. It roared, shaking him, trying to impale him on the ground or against the wall. He hung to the horns, his eyes shut, his body wracked and throbbing with a fiery pain, one thought monstrous and sharp in his mind, that he was the master of this bull, of any bull. . . .

Young Don Luis Sotemayos emptied the pistol into the bull, at the base of the brain. Raw

powder stung Juan Ybarin's wrists and he came staggering to his feet. "You could have used the sword," he said. "It was a very good bull. . . ." He took a step, and fell, down into deep unconsciousness.

The brothers, Don Luis and Federico, were in the room when he came to his senses. He was bathed and bandaged, and his own clothes hung at the foot of the bed. "They're waiting downstairs," Don Luis said. "They want to thank you." He dressed quickly and went downstairs.

Don Alberto had all of them grouped formally in the hall, as though for a reception at some great *fiesta*. "We must," Don Alberto began, "as people who—"

He kept right on past Don Alberto, not turning his head. He was all through with the bulls, he knew. After today there would be no thrill or meaning in his fighting them any more. It was only the mountains now that could satisfy him.

He was at the door of the *zayan*, the long, tiled passage leading to the open, as Dona Elena caught up to him. She brought her body against him, held his arms. "Take me with you," she said. "Don't leave me here."

"No," he said. He laughed. "You're not good enough for an Indio."

DANCING HEELS

*Revelations of an
ex-ballroom bum*



I WAS WAITING in the anteroom, feeling rather nervous in the presence of so many mirrors, looking unhappily at the garish blue and red rug. From the corner, a radio drooled a medley of saccharine selections. Sleek young men would pass, each with a portfolio of phonograph records under his arm, each disappearing into a side room with some woman. Lovely young ladies, also portfolioed and wearing silver slippers, would suddenly come from nowhere and just as mysteriously vanish.

Finally, a much marcelled person came out and motioned me to follow her. She led me into a small room furnished only with a victrola. She put a record

on the disk and in an instant the whole room flared into a noisy foxtrot. She had to shout, "All right. We'll see how you dance." We whirled and dipped and trotted—I felt as though I were a horse being put through his gaits—until finally she stopped the dancing and said, "You'll do. Go to Studio 12." Ten minutes later I was giving my first dance lesson.

I had applied for a position as dance instructor at one of the numerous studios that teach ballroom dancing. I had been out of work and the advertisement asking for dancing teachers had intrigued me, particularly since it concluded with "no experience required." I was a competent ballroom dancer but not so much better than the average person that I should instruct him. I was appalled at the thought of teaching dancing to my peers. I had expected that the studio would give me a train-

By THOMAS NEWMAN

ing course. Fortunately my first pupil, an awkward young girl of sixteen, was easily convinced that all the mistakes were her fault. I was nervous and missed many steps but all I had to do was recite some patent admonition, "Relax—don't be so stiff—unlimber," and she would look at me humbly.

After the lesson someone collared me and said there was a meeting going on in the supervisor's office. The someone led me through several mirror-lined hallways and shoved me into a room filled with young men and women. The supervisor, grim behind his cigar, was saying: "Boys and girls, take it easy. Don't be so anxious to get rid of your pupils. Talk to 'em. Stall 'em off with cigarettes. Make 'em miss a step occasionally so they won't think they're getting too good. Make 'em think there's a lot more to learn. And when they think they can waltz persuade 'em to take the foxtrot lessons—then tango—then rumba—then anything. Have 'em take a limbering course, get exercise. You see what I mean?"

The boys and girls nodded. They saw what he meant. Even I understood and this was my first day as one of America's Finest Dancing Instructors.

I passed the next four months playing craps in the back room with the other instructors and being unctuous and consoling with women who thought I could teach them to dance. My

portfolio of records became as much a part of me as my underwear, I smiled constantly and acknowledged greetings by a gentlemanly bend from the waist, I was dressed always in the most polite of clothes. I detested my position but I had taken it to rehabilitate myself and was determined not to quit until there was a little brown bank-book in my pocket. Other instructors had enlisted because they also had needed a job quickly, badly. Or else were looking for some rich woman to take them to Miami for the winter. Or else wanted to learn how to dance (really). The average instructor lasted about six months. He accumulated a little money and then departed. He found his rich woman and left for Miami, or else didn't and went back to his parents. The last type of instructor found that he couldn't learn how to dance by practising with some awkward person whom he couldn't teach to dance. Another reason for the short life of the instructors was the habit of drinking, which somehow crept upon you when you were tired out from dancing. Many an instructor emerged a much less sober fellow than when the studio had hired him.

As was true of my case, most of the instructors were little better than average ballroom dancers, and since all of us regarded our jobs as temporary, only a few were assiduous about improving. Indeed, the supervisor

did not want us to become expert dancers because that would have expedited the pupils' progress and decreased the number of lessons that they took. Mainly, when the supervisor hired teachers, he was interested in appearance. He wanted college boy looks or the dark smooth Latin type and since this was the main requisite for employment you can imagine what a strange collection of men assembled together to play craps in the back room. One man had been a tombstone salesman, another a truck driver, still another a small time bootlegger. There was one instructor who had the triple distinction of being a Latin teacher, an aviator, and a song-

writer. But we all presented a sleek appearance and had assumed romantic pseudonyms. I was, by the supervisor's orders, Francis Wuthering. Of course none of us was over thirty.

The pupils, as one would expect, were mainly socially unpopular people who had (with the aid of our advertisements) neatly switched the cause of their unpopularity from themselves to their dancing. There were also the women who came to find young men to take to Miami. And there were the women who had been in retirement since the death of their husbands and who wished to polish up for a new launching. Some women actually came just because they liked dancing and wanted to improve. I was most sorry for this last type.

I have called Dance Instruction a charming racket and now I will show you what I mean.

The studio inserts an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a Free Trial Lesson to everyone. People are intrigued and visit the studio in bashful droves. Then Francis Wuthering and the other instructors will divvy up the suckers and proceed to prove to



them that they know absolutely nothing about ballroom dancing. We make them trip, dance out of time with the music, and generally conduct themselves like people who belong in wheelchairs instead of on their feet. But we assure them that by taking our \$5.00 course they will become the chief adornments of any ballroom. We then usher them into the office where our special pep man tells them that there is nothing in life so important as to learn how to dance. What is Health if you do not exploit its gift by doing the rhumba? What is Money if you do not spend it dancing in a night club? He tells them that Heaven is a place where angels one-step and play swing music on their harps and Hell is the abode of lonely wallflowers. For five small dollars you can glide smoothly to Heaven! Think of it! . . . Few can resist our pep man. The suckers file out minus their five dollar bills but with an intense conviction that the foxtrot makes the world go round.

At the end of the first lesson each pupil is convinced that she is on her way to a brilliant foxtrot future, thus doing her bit to keep the world a-spin-

ning. Can't she and her instructor do the boxstep very nicely together? But until this future materializes the instructor says she must not dance with outside people, that it will retard her progress. I will explain later the reason for this admonition.

At the end of her \$5.00 course, which consists of three half-hour lessons, she seems to be really adept at one or two of the elementary steps, but the instructor points out that there are so many other steps to learn. And thus into the \$10.00 course from which she emerges with a seemingly competent knowledge of the foxtrot and the waltz routines. Then the instructor or, if necessary, the pep man points out the necessity of learning the tango. Suppose the orchestra played a tango, could you say to Him, "I'm sorry. We'll have to sit this one out. I can't tango." She admits she couldn't say that to Him and consequently takes tango lessons. The instructor of





ERIC GODAL

*"What would the board of directors say if they knew I was the
'machinery up-keep' in the Zanesville factory?"*

course receives a commission every time one of his pupils takes another course.

But perhaps in the joy of achievement, she has chanced to go dancing with some friend, to disobey the admonition of her instructor. Then she finds herself almost as awkward as before she started the lessons. Her evening is ruined and she can't wait to cry her disillusionment into the ears of her instructor. He consoles and reminds her that she promised not to dance with outside persons until her lessons were completed. "The average man on the dance floor is a fumbler," he says. "Not until you have become a finished product can you overcome his fumbling. A bad rider doesn't do so badly on a good horse but it takes a really good horseman to do anything with an old nag. No offense, of course." She is counselled not to be a naughty girl again and the lessons continue.

When she has been completely bled, the process of which takes several months, the supervisor gives her a farewell speech, assuring her that with the proper partner she can win any number of prize cups at dance contests. She exits with paeans of praise for the studio that has taught her to dance so well. Actually, she is no better than the average tyro encountered on most dance floors and she is quickly made aware of this. But she sighs and says, "Oh, well, they did their best. I guess I'm just no good."

The same system of chicanery is employed with the male pupils. Their instructresses are rather lovely girls who flatter and flirt the men into the notion that they are dancers, and meanwhile the pupils take more and more courses in order to continue flirting with their charming mentors.

But you will ask, "How is it that the pupils are able to dance so well with the instructors but not with any one else, particularly since the instructors are no better than ordinary dancers?" The answer is simple. The instructors don't *lead* their pupils, they *follow* them. This is an optimum for performance, but in the ballroom women are not allowed to lead their escorts and men find few partners who are able to follow their weird contortions. Instructors are trained to follow the most drunken executions of a step, not so the public. It is essential that a ballroom dancer be able to perform with any partner but this cannot be learnt in the dancing studio, because the prevalent system has too many advantages to be discarded: the instructor's task is lightened, the pupil is encouraged, and the dancing school makes more money.

Occasionally, a pupil refuses to be deceived by the alibis offered for her failure at some dance; she becomes disgusted and quits. This is another source of revenue because fees are always paid in advance. However, this is an unprofitable way to

make money and the studio tries to placate its disillusioned pupils. Many studios give their instructors a course in practical psychology in order to teach the various ways of applying oil.

Of course, all studios do not charge the same fees. Lessons may cost \$6.00 an hour or the cost may be only \$2.50 an hour; but the discrepancies in price are not manifested by results. In one studio you may be taught dancing by means of elaborate charts and methods and in another you may only practise haphazardly with an instructor, but no matter how much you pay at a dancing school it is prearranged that your progress shall be impeded in every possible way.

The attitude of the instructors towards their pupils is best shown by naming the four categories into which the pupils were divided: Regulars, Misfits, Monkeys, and Freaks. The Regulars were simply the nice people who came to learn dancing. Misfits were, as the name connotes, the lassies who would always be wallflowers no matter how well they learned to dance. Monkeys were the women who were looking for gigolos. The Freaks were the weird, the psychopathic cases. It was the Freaks who redeemed those four long months, who helped me to forget my



false position and the collection of axioms and alibis that had become my conversation. There was one young lady who brought her own records, nursery rhymes set to music, and we would play these on the phonograph and dance not a foxtrot or a waltz but Ring-Around-The-Rosie.

Not only did we categorize the different types of pupils but we also ranked the specimens within the types as to nuisance value. The Misfits had the greatest number of prime pests and chief among these was the woman who rushed in on Friday morning and insisted that she must learn to dance by Saturday night, because it was a Very Special Date. The woman was almost always forty-five, slovenly, and forceful,

and when we saw one enter the anteroom we all pretended to be occupied. But the supervisor would corral us and assign several men to dance the vigor out of this lady. From Friday until Saturday evening she trotted on our toes; every two hours an instructor would go to the showers and a fresh one be summoned from the bench. Finally she would rush out to the hairdresser and the instructors would be left alone to get quietly drunk.

While I was at the studio I was constantly receiving strange gifts and offers. One woman gave me a canoe and another an elephant gun. I received a twelve-foot grandfather clock, a vacuum cleaner, and a ten year subscription to True Detective Stories. I must admit, however, that the emphasis was strongly on neckties. My invitations ranged from weekends at Atlantic City to a lifelong stay on the Isle Of Pines. The Monkeys gave presents.

Finally, my health became impaired, because of this indoor living and the necessary nightly dissipation to forget the day. But I had a bankbook now and I was able to take the time to find a more congenial job. I went into the supervisor's office and told him I was quitting.

"They all do," he sighed.

"Don't you ever feel like quitting?" I asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Business is business."

There is one more thing to

say. I must tell you how you can learn to dance since I hope I have convinced you that the dancing studios offer little assistance. In the first place you may never learn how to dance, you may be one of the many whose feet cannot comprehend and obey the dictates of rhythm. Not everyone can master ballroom dancing, despite the advertising blurbs of the studios. But let us say that you are not one of these people and that you want your dancing to be adequate in any ballroom. Then start with the assumption that if you can co-ordinate well enough to walk, you can teach yourself to dance. The common mistake is the idea that dancing is different from all other forms of exercise like walking, swimming, or playing tennis. If you believe this you are handicapped from the beginning. Then learn one or two basic steps and practise them with as many people and as often as possible. Completely disregard your partner's feelings, don't bother to apologize for mistakes; your partner will probably assume that the fault is his. And after not too many weeks you will find that your routine steps do not have to be shoved along by your memory. Instead, your feet function creatively with the music. That is really dancing and the only way to thoroughly understand the pleasures of the ballroom.

It is all very easy and should cost you nothing.

Sophisticated LADY

*Book-larnin' and black women
don't mix well on the Ivory Coast*

By GEORGES SURDEZ

MY ADMIRATION for Arthur Vickers, factory-assistant for Kingley Brothers at Grand Bassam, caused the whole trouble. That admiration was justified. Vickers was five years my senior, twenty-four, a rather tall, slender dark chap, with a very handsome, regular-featured face. He was of good British stock, had enlisted as a private

in 1914, and come out of the service a captain in the Flying Corps, with a splendid record, wound-stripes, and a number of decorations.

The Armistice had thrown him out of employment, and he had signed the usual three year contract for the West African Coast, earning ten pounds a month to start with. I understand now that Vickers was suffering morally as well as physically. There were scraps of metal wandering through his body, tiny, needle-like slivers, which he would pull out of his flesh when they chanced to break the skin. But I realize now that this was nothing. What irked him was his lowered social standing, for a shop-assistant who kept books and waited on natives over the counter must have seemed a small person in contrast with his recent station as an army officer.

All this to prepare



for what will follow. For I would not wish anyone to believe that white men of Anglo-Saxon race, living in the tropics, so far forget their blood pride as to associate intimately with native women. I concede that it is an unfortunate coincidence that processions of silent, shapeless silhouettes drift through the rear entrances of the factory-compounds after dark, and I deplore the further coincidence that the number of these feminine silhouettes matches with precision the number of available white men.

Another extenuating circumstance is that Grand Bassam is the metropolis of the Ivory Coast, which is a French Colony. Frenchmen are known to form a funny race. They will sit down to dinner without a stiff collar or a monkey-jacket, stroll the streets in pajamas during the evening, behave, in short, as if they aimed to be comfortable. They carry this to extremes and will admit without the least hesitation that they keep a negress, and almost anyone of them will be so shameless as to greet his dark of love in public and *in broad daylight!*

When West Africa was still referred to as "The White Man's Grave," British "Coasters" liked to boast that if the Atlantic were to go dry in some tremendous catastrophe, the lanes of the steamers plying between Liverpool and the West

Coast would show the way—by the ridge of empty whiskey bottles heaped on the ocean's floor. They would talk of their *mammies* and consequent complications as casually as the French do to this day. But that has become a thing of the past, and it is now understood that climate, and climate alone, must be blamed for enlarged livers, delirium, and general debility.

I have heard the casual and transient companions of white men in tropical countries spoken of as "sleeping-dictionaries," accompanied with the explanation that it was the most rapid way of learning a language. Practically, I do not believe that this is the case, for almost any native, male or female, picks up pigeon English or pigeon French so rapidly that all conversation automatically drifts into that broken but most efficient medium. No, the motive for the institution must be sought elsewhere than in the thirst for knowledge.

In any case, Vickers, although British, kept a negro woman openly, admitted the fact freely. She reported punctually at nine-thirty in the evening, departed as exactly at six-thirty in the morning—like a faithful employee. She was a Bambara from the Soudan, that is she was reddish rather than black, with a definite aquiline beauty of features, and her name was Kaloki, which is said to mean "moonlight" in her people's tongue.

Vickers was fond of her in a way, and somewhat jealous. However, in West Africa, jealousy may spring from caution rather than sentiment, although it remains as futile as elsewhere. Vickers liked Kaloki, but he was not happy.

"Why, what's wrong with her?" I once asked him.

"See here, old chap," he outlined, "as mam-mies go, I suppose my bloody mammy's all right, you know, clean, obedient, and not bad-looking. I dare say most white women would envy her figure. But, damn it, a chap can't talk with her, you know, can't talk, really!"

"Why not?" I wondered. Kaloki was fluent in both Bush-French and Bush-English. She did have a sense of humor all her own, and the flash of her teeth when she laughed was attractive—in that latitude.

"See here," Vickers made clear. "A chap wants more than that sort of talk, you know! After all, it isn't impersonal as riding a bicycle, and it really should be more than hygiene. For instance, I ask her: 'Do you love me?' Well, you see, I'd want her to say: 'More than anything in the world,' or something of the sort. But what does the bloody fool reply? 'Yassa,



massa, I love you too much. You go give me plenty dash?"

In Bush-English, *dash* means a gift, a present of any sort. By that word, Kaloki meant anything over and above her stipend, from a shilling to a length of print-cloth. I granted that it was very unromantic.

"No romance, that's the idea," Vickers continued heatedly. "There we are with the damn light out and all that. I've managed to forget the smell of that stinking perfume they all drench themselves with. But that kind of an answer brings me to with a jolt. So I try again: 'You love me more than you loved—well, Smithy or Monsieur Jacques?' But does she savvy what I am driving at? No—she says: 'You give me more dash, I go love you more!' Which brings back

the sad reality, that I'm yoked to a bloody savage, and it spoils everything."

At that time, I could not understand the purchase of illusion. Vickers' wish to complicate a very simple matter with romance and make-believe shocked me like a perversion. Nevertheless, he was such a fine fellow, I admired him so, that I longed to help him out.

My chance came a few days after that conversation.

A tramp steamer from Sierra Leone came into port, bringing a half-dozen native passengers. I chanced to be at the end of the long wharf that spans the beating surf at Grand Bassam.

Among the new-comers was a young woman who attracted my attention. She was very tall and exceedingly black; her face was negroid, but the splendor of her velvety eyes, the gleam of her perfect white teeth, gave her a striking beauty. Moreover, she was built like a black Venus, rounded shoulders, firm, magnificent breasts, slim flanks and thighs—for she wore nothing save the usual native garment, a multicolored cloth wound about her hips, gleamed like metal in the sunshine. A red and green kerchief was about her tressed, wooly hair, studded with glittering gold ornaments.

She was having trouble with the Martinique mulatto of the Customs Service, who had scattered the contents of her boxes and bundles over the wharf's

planking. She was speaking to him in Bush-English, which he could use perfectly well, but he was insisting upon using grammatical French. Beauty was in distress, and no one could remain indifferent.

"*Hyoka-ho*, Mammy," I addressed her. "What dem big palaver be?"

Her answer stunned me.

"I don't quite know, Sir," she replied in perfect English. Her voice was soft, beautifully modulated, and, by all that was sacred, cultured! She smiled at my surprise: "This French gentleman is worried about me, because I have no immediate means of support!"

"Where did you learn English?"

"I attended religious school in Freetown. And one of the ladies took me to live in Cardiff, for three years, when I was a very young girl. I'm eighteen now. My name is Florence Dawson, sir." She grew archly embarrassed as she explained: "I came to Grand Bassam with the hope of finding some gentleman who would be kind to me. I can cook like an Englishwoman—" She evidently believed that was an achievement. "I can mend shirts, darn socks, I can read and write. And I have a certificate of good health signed by a doctor—"

Amazing as it was, she told the truth. After my house-boy led her to a hut in the compound behind my bungalow, she



sent me a note asking for an interview, a note written so carefully as to resemble engraving. I summoned her upstairs, and discovered that she knew some Latin, some Greek, that she could recite conventional school poems and, unbelievable though it may sound, that she could recite also the works of Lawrence Hope! The good lady happened to be Vickers' favorite poet! One of the servants rocketed over the cemented streets, across town to Kingley Brothers, with the following message:

"Come at the gallop. Holding precious freight for 'you.'"

In a very short time, Vickers appeared. . . .

* * *

Kaloki was discharged that very evening.

Vickers was aware that he held a rare bird in Florence. She surpassed all his expectations, for she wrote him very impressive love notes during the day time, when she could not decorously be seen about his quarters. As was natural, his comrades sought to win away his prize. A mammy who could not only perform the ordinary duties expected of her kind, but recite as well "darker and darker falls the night . . . that golden torches stain . . ." was something to be proud of—or to covet.

The knowledge that others desired her made her even more precious to Vickers, who adorned her with fancy garments and lavished native jewelry upon her. The disgruntled suitors muttered darkly concerning Vickers' lapse from racial standards, but he understood that jealousy inspired them, laughed, shrugged and seemed wonderfully happy.

He bore me a touching gratitude. Consequently, I was intensely surprised, some months later, when Vickers appeared on my veranda, shaking with fury, grumbling incoherent sentences in which I identified: "Meddling this and that—bloody young ass—"

When he had calmed down enough to accept a drink, he consented to explain.

The mail-steamer had come in that morning, and he had re-

ceived letters from England. His mother claimed to be delighted that he was engaged to be married, she wrote, but chided him gently for having been so secretive with her. Judging by her letters, Mrs. Vickers continued, his fiancée in Grand Bassam was evidently a well-educated young lady, showed extreme concern for his welfare, as she had asked many, many questions about his tastes, his likes, his dislikes.

Of course, Vickers' mother went on, she was somewhat puzzled. Friends who knew the West Coast assured her that there were no unmarried British girls in Bassam. And there was the matter of Vickers' engagement to a girl at home. Had he informed her of his new plans, had he broken off with her? Surely, he must have been decent enough to do this, although the girl did not mention it!

"See here," Vickers stormed. "I'm in love with that girl at home! I accepted this bloody slave's job out here to get enough money to get married on. This sort of thing down here doesn't mean anything. It's the climate, a health measure. But go and explain that to an English girl! Now, it seems damn well smashed up. I really should—"

"But what happened? Who told your mother you were engaged?"

What had happened? Florence had written his mother, having discovered her address

among Vickers' private papers.

Here was a neat problem in psychology: Had Florence, due to her education, become bored, and had she written long letters to his mother to while away the time? Had she been only eager to discover what he liked? Had she claimed an engagement or merely written as a woman living intimately with a man might write? Of course, she had been given a religious education, which proclaims all men brothers, and all women sisters. As a little girl, she had mixed on even terms, undoubtedly, with children in Britain.

Perhaps, Vickers had not merely listened to her chatter, but had replied in kind. Florence was a primitive by birth, and if she chose to accept the equality preached by religion and to disregard one of its strictest laws, she was not the first to embrace the advantages and to forget the restrictions.

In any case, she had written!

Vickers was miserable, broken. He was certain that some of his good friends on the Coast would be happy to supply all the information desired at home. He could only drink and wallow in his grief. I suggested an immediate cable denying the engagement, blaming all on a practical joke played by a tactless friend, and promising a letter of explanation.

He rushed off to act on this advice, without a friendly word.

I was hurt, because I had



ERIC GOODALL

"Hey, watch your language—there's a gentleman at the bar!"

acted with the best intentions and felt I was being blamed unjustly. So that I was in very bad humor when Florence herself appeared, with her bundles, her boxes, her books, and the obvious wish to settle in my place. In her graceful, fluent English, she reminded me I had introduced her to Vickers, who had treated her shamefully, sacked her without a day's warning and without proper compensation. In other words, I was responsible for her!

Very soon, I learned that all her English had not been learned in religious surroundings, for she grew very angry. Fortunately, the night-watchman was an Agni tribesman, four inches over six feet and muscled in proportion. He had never learned to read or write, judged people by their skins. He ascended the stairs of the verandah and quietly chucked her out.

* * *

The story leaked out and spread: Florence and her agile pen were known to be dangerous. No Britisher would speak with her: She hung about town for a while, then a fat, bearded French timber-man took her up to his mahogany concession in the forest.

Just how Vickers straightened matters at home, I never found out. He resented questions on the subject, claiming, illogically enough, that it involved his fiancée! He had saved his engagement, he announced. Never-

theless, life in Grand Bassam became a burden to him.

He was assigned to Dimbokro.

I visited him there some months later. Dimbokro is a small town. The heat was tremendous and the air was so moist that you could wring water out of it by closing your fist in space. Aside from his shell-splinters, spells of malarial fever, prickly heat, trouble with his negro clerks and laborers, Vickers declared himself quite happy.

"And how's the sentimental question?" I asked him after a while.

"Fine. I have a good mammy here."

I saw her when she reported at nine-thirty. She was squat and very black, with tight little tresses crowning her small skull. I addressed her in Bush-English, then in Bush-French, but she moved her head negatively. So I brought out a few sentences of the Kroo dialect, which is commonly understood along the Coast, and she appeared to understand. She grinned, and from her mouth came mangled, guttural sounds.

Vickers poured tepid soda water into our glasses on top of massive doses of Scotch. He cocked his head, listened to that unintelligible drivel raptly, as if he heard string music. Then he lit a cigarette, smiled, and concluded:

"She has a bit of a speech defect, you know!"

BOOKS FOR MEN



LET YOUR MIND ALONE! AND OTHER MORE OR LESS INSPIRATIONAL PIECES.

By James Thurber, Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

Regular readers of Mr. Thurber's magazine pieces are already aware that the author has turned from a pretty keen "dog man" into a herald of doom—a herald who spends his spare moments, when he is not busy announcing the downfall of man, in tilting at success-experts. The first part of the new Thurber book is filled with articles in which the author puts his finger on the weak spot in the doctrines of the various success-experts. As all the doctrines are literally studded with weak spots, Mr. Thurber has a field day. The stories which he concocts to this end are generally pretty hilarious reading. In refuting Mrs. Dorothea Brande's suggestion that one should act as though it were impossible to fail, for example, Mr. Thurber tells the story of B. J. Winfall, a New York executive who visited Chicago on business with his assistant and did just that. Feeling the need of a little excitement, Winfall insisted on putting on an old cap and sweater and dropping in at a hangout frequented by some particularly tough gangsters. Winfall stepped up to the bar, downed another straight Scotch, and roared: "I'm Two-Gun Winfall from New York City! Anybody want anything?" Thanks to the craven apologies of Soames, his assistant, who admitted that they were really only a couple of drunken business men, Winfall got out alive.

The other success-experts are thrown just as effectively as Mrs. Brande. In the *Other More or Less Inspirational Pieces*—which are, incidentally, much funnier than the *Let Your Mind Alone* series—Mr. Thurber is preoccupied mostly with his prophecies on the end of the reign of Man. Working quietly through the ages, the insects and the rodents, the author believes, have prepared themselves to take over the world. Not long ago the praying mantis came in a horde to look over New York City. After sitting on sills from the ground floor to the top of the Empire State Building and peering intently into bedrooms, kitchens, and offices, they went quietly away. "The papers and the public treated it as a curious but unimportant phenomenon, that visit. I regard it as an extremely significant occurrence. Scouting planes in advance of the infantry, the tanks, and the bombers."

In spite of his concern, in this book, with the weightier aspects of Man's existence, *Let Your Mind Alone!* is very funny and very good Thurber. Among the topics included in this toast to the triumph of other matter over the mind are a plea for some anecdotes about James K. Polk, the only President of the United States who is not noted or remembered for anything; a highly fanciful account of what a man of two-fifths vision (the author, in this case) sees without his glasses; the separation of the Gordon Winships, precipitated by Marcia's devotion to Greta Garbo and Gordon's love for Donald Duck; and the author's own memories of D. H. Lawrence, whom he never quite met (once Mr. Thurber thought the moment had come, on a train platform in Italy, so he struck up a

By **ROGER DUNHAM**

rather fuzzy conversation with the distinguished gentleman, but he turned out to be a Mr. George R. Hopkins, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts).

The only element lacking is some further evidence of the author's appreciation of the trials of dogs in their relations with men and women. Dogs or no dogs, though, there's still only one Thurber.

SUMMER MOONSHINE.

By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.

Like Tennyson's brook, P. G. Wodehouse goes on forever. The situations are roughly the same, the characters all sound suspiciously familiar, and I, for one, would swear I read some of the lines of dialogue in earlier Wodehouse farces. Even so, no matter how firm you are in your conviction that you've swallowed all the Wodehouse you can get down, you'll find yourself—along about the third or fourth page—reading swiftly on your own momentum.

Summer Moonshine marks the début of a new notable character to take his place in the Wodehousian dynasty—following in the wake of Mulliner, Jeeves, Psmith, and the rest. Sam Bulpitt is one of America's greatest process-servers (called "plasterers" by the British), and he always gets his man—"like the North-west Mounted Police," as he himself puts it. Sam is commissioned to serve the papers to a young Vanringham, who is the brother of a lad enamored of the daughter of a penniless baronet, whose white elephant of an estate Sam finally buys—with an eye to turning it into a night club. The plot—as usual in Wodehouse—is rather crazily complicated, and involves everything from a Princess von und zu Dwornitzchek ("the sand in civilization's spinach") to a pickled-cabbage addict.

Mr. Wodehouse still seems to be the only writer of humorous fiction capable of arousing the risibilities of both the English and American reading audience. The publishers modestly cull *Summer Moonshine* "the year's most hilarious novel"; if it isn't quite that, it comes darn close.

SALUTE TO YESTERDAY.

By Gene Fowler. Random House. \$2.50.

A satirist differs from a humorist by reason of the fact that a satirist deals in actualities, while a humorist is a gent who tries to be funny *per se*. Thus, while P. G. Wodehouse is funny enough, his humor is entirely in some Never Never Land in which the Drones Club, the Anglers Rest, and various personalities and appurtenances of a mythical British class offer us a reasonably whimsical escape from reality. Satirists, on the other hand, like Swift, Cervantes, Voltaire, and Gene Fowler, seek to amuse us by jabbing at the ugly realities of the existing social order. Such men, in the normal course of events, end up, completely annotated, in college English classes.

It would be well, therefore, to read *Salute to Yesterday* before eager young aspirants to the doctorate get their licks in. Captain James J. Trolley, the protagonist of the story, is seventy-six years old, some-time powder boy on the U.S.S. *Monitor*, a pioneer, one of the founders of Queen City, a now thriving Western metropolis. Full of years, alcohol, and vinegar, he finds the Queen City of today a dunghill of hypocrites, strikebreakers, bumbling politicians, and oafs. His one-man crusade against Rotarianism, his effort to make Queen City conscious of its glorious past, leads him to ridicule and jail. Symbolic of Trolley's half-ridiculous, half-heroic nostalgia, stands the Pioneer Bell. "The Pioneers still heard in the clear voice of this relic a Homeric poem of the past. Brave memories would descend upon the old men, bringing a momentary warmth to their breasts. Their work done, they foresaw the day, so soon now, when the Pioneer's Bell would ring them into dignity across the Great Divide. They demanded this honor as their traditional right.



ERIC GODAL

"I never thought when we met at lunch today we'd turn out to be such good friends"

"The young men did not understand the eccentricities of aged minds. They could not comprehend the heroic passing of a knell."

Like Don Quixote, Captain Trolley was possessed of a pugnacious nostalgia for what, to him, seemed a better, more chivalrous age. Like Don Quixote, like all chronic minority men, like all those who march in the ranks of lost causes, Trolley winds up behind the eight ball. The world would be a much more evil place without its minority men, without Don Quixote, without Captain James Job Trolley, without *Salute to Yesterday*.

BED OF NEUROSES.

By Wolcott Gibbs. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

Mr. Gibbs's "thoughts on infinity" have been appearing from time to time in the form of short pieces in *The New Yorker* and made excellent incidental reading. In short doses, they still do—but reading *Bed of Neuroses* from start to finish impresses one with their exceptional thinness. A Harvard automobile salesman has some trouble convincing a plebian prospect, Mrs. Brickley meets a gentleman constructed along the lines of Freddie March in a neighborhood movie house and a romance blossoms, the Harveys sublet their apartment, and so on. The last few chapters are parodies by Mr. Gibbs of the works of Alexander Woollcott, Ernest Hemingway, Noel Coward, Aldous Huxley, and a *Saturday Evening Post* contributor. Also included is the masterful Profile of Henry Luce, *Time-Fortune-Life* tycoon, done in *Time*'s own deathless style—with all the sentences carefully plowed under. Sheets and covers of Mr. Gibbs's *Bed of Neuroses* are tastefully decorated by Rea Irvin.

THE HAND IN THE GLOVE.

By Rex Stout. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.

Introducing Dol (Theodolinda) Bonner, Mr. Stout's new streamlined lady detective, who is bound to be one of Nero Wolfe's closest rivals in the mystery sweepstakes from now on. Miss Bonner is a knockout on her first appearance, as she figures out who strangled the pheasants belonging to Martin Foltz and who hanged Mr. Peter Storr to the limb of a dogwood tree down by the fish pond at Birchhaven. One may not give away secrets, but you ought to know that towards the end Dol has the killer covered with a revolver and is pretty certain to break the case. It's all fast, credible enough, extremely well plotted and amusing in the right places.

Mr. Stout gets a number of elegant characterizations into his yarn, including the nasty Mr. Ranth, president of the League of the Occidental Sakti; Professor Zimmerman, a psychologist—and maybe one might include Janet Storrs, a poet. Of course there's a lovely feminine love interest, too—Sylvia Raffray, who'll probably marry the handsomest newspaper man in the cast. Of Mr. Stout, the genial author, his publishers confess: "He has been, among other things, a soda-water dispenser, a sailor, a bookkeeper, a cigar clerk, a strawberry picker, and (for ten years) promoter and executive manager of a business corporation. He is now a superlative gardener, specializing in irises rather than orchids, lives in the country, is married, has two small daughters, owns chickens, geese, and a lively macaw named Nero Wolfe." And he sells like hot cakes.

THE CASE OF THE SEVEN OF CALVARY.

By Anthony Boucher. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

Whoever slew Dr. Hugo Schaedel, a Swiss disciple of World Peace, with an ice pick while he was visiting the University of California campus, left a curious symbol on the spot: a figure 7 and three rough rectangles. Paul Lennox, a history prof, says the symbol derives from the Vignards, a group of felonious Swiss who figured in the wars of the Early Church—or is he just fooling? After a

while there's another murder, and you'll never guess whether the gore is caused by the aforesaid Swiss, the Bolshies, or some youth enamored of a co-ed. In a word, Anthony Boucher is a new mystery writer of the first order of merit. He just appeared out of the blue, sending the publishers a scrap of paper reading: "To be perfectly brief—this is a detective novel called *The Case of the Seven of Calvary*, and I hope you will enjoy it enough to publish it."

Readers are advised not to throw this story away because of the vast amounts of collegiate learning displayed by our author. Just plow right through the foreign languages and you'll come upon as pretty a puzzle as you could want, with two corpses to keep you interested and a wholly unusual display of detective tricks. The main sleuth is none other than Dr. John Ashwin, Sanskrit scholar and mystery fan, and his Dr. Watson (Martin Lamb) is no less erudite. Keep your eye on two of the girls, Cynthia Wood (exotic) and Guadalupe Sanchez. Why did Guadalupe go to the hospital so suddenly? In a word, don't miss this if you care for novelties in this genre.

MYSTERY OF MR. JESSOP.

By E. R. Punshon. Hillman-Curl. \$1.50.

Here is your chance to atone, if you have neglected the works of E. R. Punshon in the past. Mr. Punshon has turned out several highly mysterious bafflers, the names of which escape us at the moment, and this one seems even better. All about the killing of a big jeweler in dear old London, having to do with the diamond necklace owned by Fay Fellowes, the cinema queen, the public and private affairs of the Duke of Westhaven, and a bit of financial skulduggery in the bargain. Also the love of Hilda May, Mr. Jessop's typist, for Denis Chenery, who's in line for succession for the title. (The Duchess once fired Hilda for loving Denis. As Hilda explains it with simple candor, "Denis may be a duke some day, and I'm a bastard.")

Our author is a past master at spreading suspicion where it will do the most good; indeed, he's a whiz at most angles of the mystery business. Sergeant Bobby Owen ranks with the pick of the sleuths.

To accommodate readers in remote sections of the country, **FOR MEN ONLY** will be pleased to turn over all orders for books reviewed in this space to the publishers.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 3, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF FOR MEN ONLY, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa. for October 1st, 1937, State of Connecticut, County of Fairfield, and before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Conway Bolstad, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the FOR MEN ONLY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Popular Magazines, Inc., Greenwich, Connecticut; Editor, Fred J. Feldkame, Newark, N. J.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Conway Bolstad, Old Greenwich, Connecticut. 2. That the owner is: Popular Magazines, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roger Fawcett, New York, N. Y.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Greenwich, Conn.; Marion F. Bangs, Tulsa, Okla.; Gordon Fawcett, Hollywood, Calif.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Frances M. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Margaret Connor, Seattle, Wash.; Eva Adams, Seattle, Wash.; Clarence Fawcett, Portland, Oreg.; Gloria Fawcett Trust, LaJolla, Calif.; Virginia Lee Fawcett Trust, LaJolla, Calif.; John Fawcett Trust, New York, N. Y.; Nellie O'Brien Trust, Waseca, Minn. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities this 24th day of September, 1937, Helen M. Lano. (My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

[SEAL.]



FOR the benefit of the business office, those weird amounts we arrive at for payment of manuscripts are determined solely by our own acute sense of worth and fair play. It occurred to us recently, though, that it might not be a bad idea to bring a weight measure into the picture. For example, the other day Lyon Mearson came bouncing in with a nice, fresh manuscript in which the further adventures of Marius of Marseilles were described. Snatching it from him eagerly, we'd just started reading when Mearson interrupted: "It'll work out much better," he announced, "if you leave off the first page and a half, and start in the middle of page 2." It was at this point that the payment by weight idea hit us; we felt, at the time, like reaching for our scales, tearing off the first page and a half of the MS., cocking a critical eye at the balance, and declaring: "That'll be a dollar and sixty-nine cents less, Mearson."

Of course, we realize that the plan has obvious disadvantages; a pound and three-eighths of Heywood Broun, it seems to us, should bring more in an open market than four and a half pounds of prose by some fish-vendor on Chicago's South Side. On the other hand, although swordfish is more expensive than haddock, ten pounds of the former costs more than three of the same. Even so, we enjoyed toying with the idea—especially dreaming about the people in the business office getting vouchers with amounts ending in fourteen or seventy-three cents.

We happened to be speculating out loud on this tangent a little later while dining with Will Cuppy; he certainly didn't seem upset at the time, and we hadn't intended that he take us seriously, but his next manuscript—"Own Your Own Snake," in this issue

—somehow went on a bit longer than is usual for Cuppy. Now that we consider the possible outgrowths of this Cuppy maneuver, we take it all back: we're still pretty much delighted with directness and a pithy style.

In our last issue Roger Dunham, dealer in fancy invective, Swedish free-style, announced in our book-review department that Hyman Kaplan would find, in book form, a "larger and more appreciative audience than the precocious shopgirls who form *The New Yorker's* Thursday Evening Marching and Chowder Club." This morning's mail brings a riposte from a lady we know who works for *The New Yorker*; the lady claims, with a good deal of indignation, that *The New Yorker* dug up Mr. Kaplan in the first place (which our Mr. Dunham freely admits), and that *The New Yorker* isn't read by "precocious shopgirls" but by bank presidents and other public enemies. Time was—we remember it well—when we used to see *The New Yorker* in places other than Macy's on Thursday nights.

The Legionnaires have been out of New York for some time now, but the memory lingers on. The last few days of their visit, there was a rumor abroad that a bartender at the Astor Hotel had been killed by Legionnaires and that the newspapers were hushing it up. Every five minutes, for two days, various friends of Stanley Walker's rushed up to him and asked him why he didn't have the guts to print the item in the *Herald Tribune*, of which he is assistant managing editor. The rumor was, of course, false, but not very idle.

While swapping stories with Walker, he told us a rather cute one about a newspaper prize-contest, sponsored by

the Chicago *Tribune* a few years ago. The outlet for the competition was the column written by B. L. T. in that paper, and the prize was to be awarded for the best, most forthright piece on "What I Have Learned from Life." The replies swamped the office; of the tons of entries, the one that copped the prize stated that the applicant had learned from life that if you let your index-fingernail grow from babyhood without cutting it it'll come in very handy in disengaging paper cups in Pullman cars. Without seeing the other submissions, we agree heartily with the selection of the judges.

Lately we've been getting around to see our contributors who either live or work within a few hundred miles of our office here in Times Square, and the resulting meetings are decidedly stimulating. Last time we talked with Gilbert Seldes, for instance, he told us how he happened to become Program Director of the Experimental Television department of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Seems that he'd written an article, which the *Atlantic Monthly* published, called "Errors in Television." Shortly after the piece appeared, some Columbia executive whom Seldes had never met phoned him and asked if he'd like to make some mistakes for Columbia—at a very attractive salary. Seldes thought it over for a few minutes and said sure; funny thing was, he told us, that he mentioned almost all National Broadcasting men and maneuvers in the article. It doesn't matter much to him, though, which wave-length his bread is buttered on.

So far our office has been a clearing ground for reunions, as we mentioned last month, but lately an out-and-out feud has been brewing between two of our favorite authors. A few issues ago Russell Hastings did a piece about an effective aphrodisiac he'd discovered in the Dutch East Indies, which we printed innocently enough, little

dreaming that Carlton Brown, in the interests of science and all our readers who might prepare to take the first boat to the East Indies, would debunk the whole idea as fantastic. As soon as Brown's piece appeared, last month, we received an acid phone call from Hastings, in which he relieved himself of a few uncomplimentary thoughts about the presumption of our contribs. Finally, just before clicking off in a tidal wave of indignation, he asked, pointedly, whether Brown had tested all these aphrodisiacs which he included in his blanket condemnation. We kept this message in our head until the next time we saw Brown; he said he'd tried some, and he still maintained they were the bunk. Furthermore, the "jo jlm ben" which Hastings claimed was so rare, could be bought in almost any pharmacy in the Bronx. This, naturally, infuriated Hastings, who suffers from occasional high-blood pressure spells, occasioned by too much pig's-knuckles and Pilsner.

Hastings, incidentally, much prefers sauerkraut and beer to Southern fried chicken, corn pone, and hominy grits. To settle the scruples of any Northern reader who thinks that perhaps Brother Hastings was a bit harsh on the South—and especially the *DEEP* South—we herewith advise you that he knows whereof he speaks, as he's been below the Mason-Dixon line several unforgettable (to him) times.

The issue which follows this current one—containing Mr. Hastings' distilled vituperation on the South—will be distributed, below South Amboy, New Jersey, by armored car.

The Hastings-Brown feud hasn't progressed beyond the proceedings outlined above, but both parties are still a little resentful. Just for spite, Brown has written a series of articles on the Great Lovers of History, the first of which—Casanova—will appear in next month's FOR MEN ONLY.



JAMES TREVATH

"Basically, my dear, I'm old-fashioned as hell"

U. S. S. Whitney
San Diego, Calif.

The Editor
FOR MEN ONLY
1501 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

During the few short years of my earthly existence I have read perhaps fifty to one hundred books. And I read quite a lot. That leaves the rest of my reading material confined largely to newspapers and magazines. Naturally, reading so many magazines I have become quite critical, and I might say even "choicy" about my reading material.

For several years I have been looking for a magazine which I could await eagerly each month. There is a sort of fascination in waiting for a "red letter" day, a holiday, or a special treat. As a youngster I used to await each issue of the Sunday comics with an almost pathetic eagerness. Now, as a man, I confess that I await each new issue of FOR MEN ONLY with that same eagerness.

I have never before bothered to write to any magazine, movie star, congressman, or anything of the sort. My motive in writing this is, however, a trifle selfish. I want to do everything that I possibly can to keep your grand magazine on the market. If fan mail will help I'll write you a letter every week. I have not missed an issue of your magazine since you started publishing it and I hope that it will never be my misfortune to do so.

Already I have introduced your magazine to several of my shipmates and it meets with the same approval everywhere. Every day I add a couple of customers to your already growing list. It is my firm belief that there has never been a magazine published which puts so much wit, nonsense, real reading, and good cartoons between two covers. Gentlemen, a sailor salutes you. If that means anything to you.

Very sincerely yours

E. C. NICKEL

* The above is an unsolicited letter, selected from the thousands showered on the editor of this magazine by appreciative readers. This same space last month was devoted to a similar letter written by Jack Dempsey. Few persons except his shipmates on the U. S. S. Whitney will recognize the writer of the above letter. Nevertheless, we appreciate and are proud to publish Mr. Nickel's sincere letter.

